

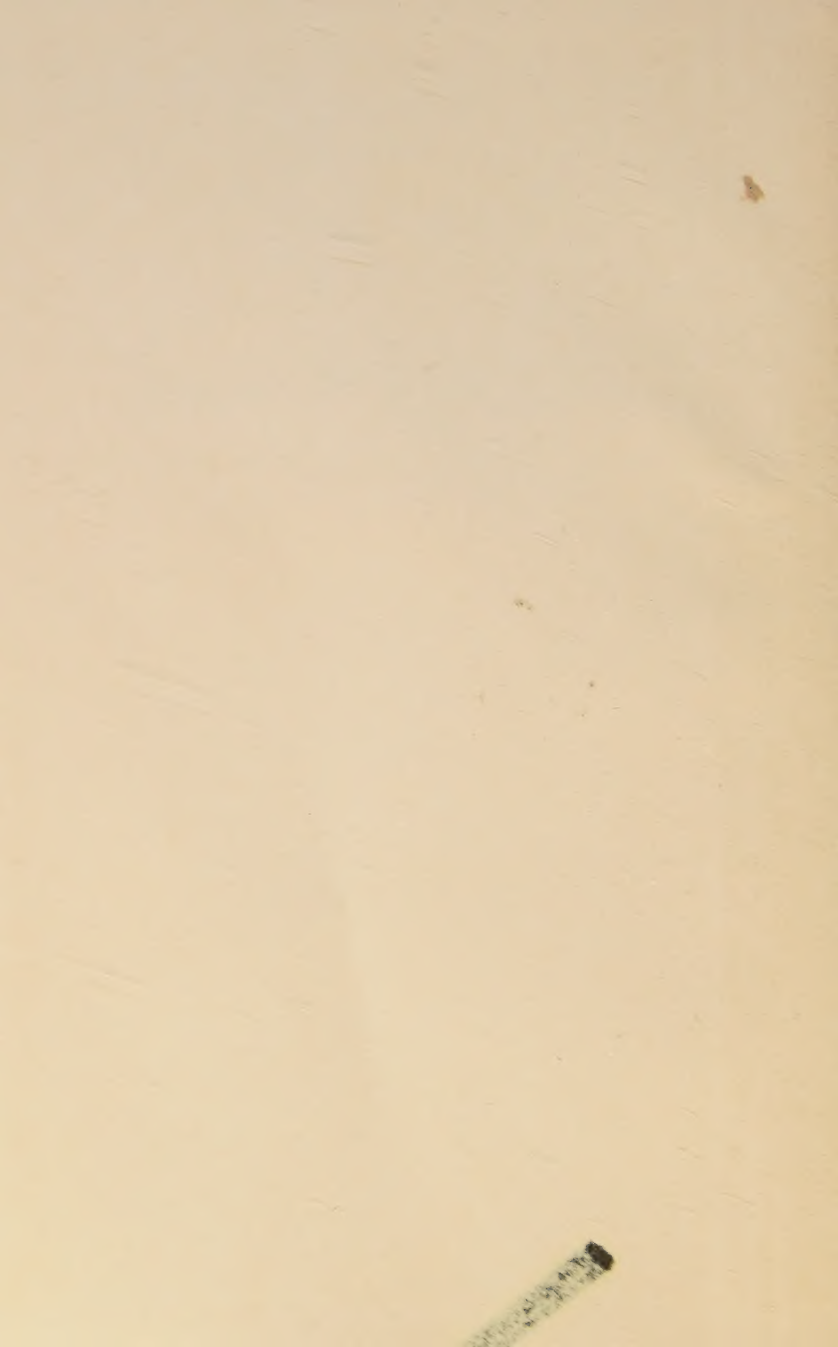
*The  
Angel's Lily*

*• Russell H. Conwell •*



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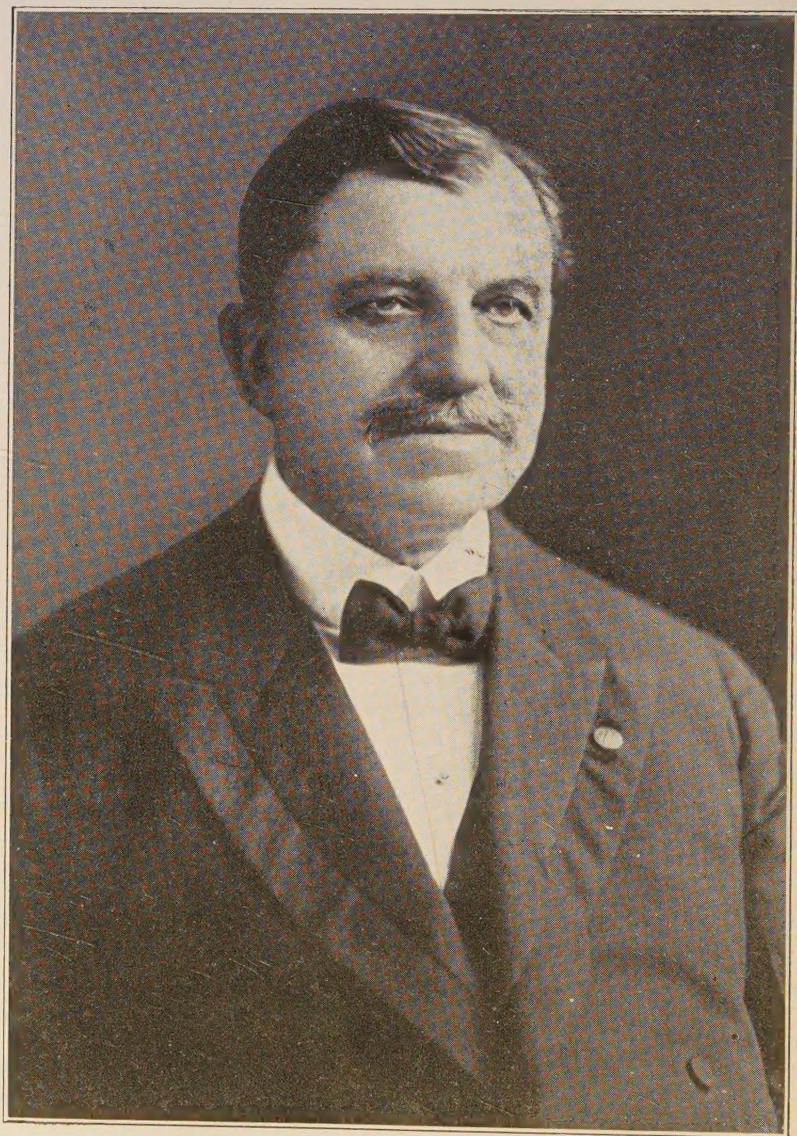
# THE ANGEL'S LILY





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RUSSELL HERMAN CONWELL, D. D., LL. D.



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# THE ANGEL'S LILY

By

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D. D., LL. D.



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## FOREWORD

IN the publication of this lecture, and the accompanying chapters concerning the history of Temple University, we believe we are doing a plain duty to the public. We obtained Doctor Conwell's reluctant consent to the use of the lecture, as it was never his purpose to publish it in book form.

Doctor Conwell varies his illustrations to fit different occasions, and while there is much in his manner, emphasis, and voice which cannot be expressed in print, yet we feel that in this report of the lecture on "The Angel's Lily" we have secured an accurate record of one of the most interesting and instructive of his addresses. We send it forth with a sincere prayer, and with an enthusiastic hope that in print it will go on doing the great work for humanity to which its public delivery has been so faithfully dedicated.

Since the publication of Doctor Conwell's lectures, "Acres of Diamonds" and "The Silver Crown," by Harper & Brothers, of New York, there has been an increasing demand for the publica-

## FOREWORD

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tion of other lectures which he has delivered in various parts of the world during his sixty years of active continuous public work as an orator, preacher, and instructor. But among his most helpful lectures we have for many years counted "The Angel's Lily" as conspicuously eminent.

CHARLES E. MILLER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 1, 1920.



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I

THE ANGEL'S LILY





## THE ANGEL'S LILY

The title of this lecture, like others I have used, is founded on a parable, in which language they often talk in the Eastern countries: in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in the lower valley of the Euphrates River. The Saviour's parables are but the common language of the people there. They converse in figures and symbols, in stories and parables, and one of the most beautiful truth-carriers that I ever heard is that of the "Angel's Lily."

We were traveling down from Bagdad, with the same guide who composed the "Acres of Diamonds," and the English people connected with the English consulate rode out from the city to see us start down the river. They waved their hands after us and shouted: "Stop at the Angel's Lily! Stop at the Angel's Lily!" I had never heard of the parable before, and I asked the old guide what it meant. He said that he would tell us when we went into camp that night, and so, as we gathered around the camp-fire, after our humble meal, on the shore of that ancient river, the old guide, ancient patriarch that he was, told the story with intense interest, as though it was something of vast importance to him and as heartily as though he had never mentioned it

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before. I cannot repeat it as he did. The tears started in the corner of his eye. I have not the power to bring your imagination out so as to get a full vision, nevertheless its fascination remains with me. I wish you had heard him tell it! The lesson would be far more useful to you. But the old guide told us that the best wish one could give to any person one loved was to wish that they would "Stop at the Angel's Lily"; hence it was a very common form at parting to say, "Stop at the Angel's Lily!" And especially would a patriarch father, when parting with his children, wish them to "Stop at the Angel's Lily!"

The old guide told us that there once lived at Bagdad a magnificent Caliph, rich, powerful, having an immense empire under his rule. He had all that money could possibly furnish. He was healthy, he had a large family, he was honored on every side, and lived in the most wonderfully decorated palace in all the East. Bagdad was the capital, and in that palace, ornamented with diamonds and all other forms of precious stones, he dwelt for nearly forty years. He had everything that the heart could possibly wish. He slept on beds of the softest down, he looked upon scenes of beauty made charming by art as well as by nature. He was not permitted to eat anything that was not prepared with the most delicate care. He was not allowed to hear a voice that was not modulated to musical tones, or to have

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a flower in his room which was not selected with the greatest care from the finest gardens of the country. He had everything that imperial power could command. No unsupplied need—he had everything that his heart could possibly wish—and yet he was the most unhappy man in all that land. He was weary of giving orders to armies; he was weary of having the responsibility of imperial authority; he was weary of seeing every person bow to the ground when he approached him; he was weary of so much care and nicety about the table and about everything that he ate. He was weary of having everything prepared for him in advance; weary of the beautiful carpets on which he trod; weary of having the best of everything, the most costly of everything; weary of all the wonderful ceremonies that went with his position. He went in and lay down upon his couch and prayed to the Ruler of Paradise that sometime he might be an unknown private citizen and have the comfort and rest of being simply himself.

On that same night, twelve miles down the river, at a little hamlet called Borzar, there was a beggar. He had been a hungry beggar for years. He was greatly afflicted in body; he was restricted in food and clothing; and he slept in an enclosure without a roof. And that very night he went into that enclosure and lay down in his rags upon the open ground, and, looking up to the stars, prayed to the

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Ruler of Paradise that he might some time have the comforts and luxuries of the Caliph of Bagdad.

On that same night the Ruler of Paradise called in two beautiful angels, and committing to their care the bulb of a lily, said to them: "Go down now with a heavenly reed, and measure carefully from the hut of the beggar at Borzar to the palace of the Caliph at Bagdad. Then measure half-way back, and there plant this bulb of the lily." The angels went down and measured from the hovel to the palace with heavenly nicety and then measured half-way back, and there they planted the lily on the banks of that river at that wonderful season of the year when all things were in glorious blossom. Then they separated, and one of the angels went down to the beggar at Borzar and said: "Beggar! wouldst thou be happy? Go to Bagdad." And at the same moment the other angel leaned over the sleeping Caliph of Bagdad and said: "Caliph! wouldst thou be happy? Go thou to Borzar."

Both rose, obedient to the heavenly summons, and started toward each other. They met half-way between the palace and the hovel, half-way between Borzar and Bagdad, and, as they met in the night-time, in that country they wished each other peace and sat down to converse together without asking of their antecedents. They sat down at that spot and were talking in friendly intercourse upon some interesting question that did not touch their



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personal life, when they saw the opening of the sand and a bright flash of light from the ground. As they watched the increasing light they saw the little green leaves of the lily's stem appear, and as it rose with magic increase of speed it finally unrolled into a beautiful, petaled lily, and the petals rose higher and higher, until they covered the whole horizon like a tent and shut in the Caliph and the beggar under the leaves of the magnificent flower. There they dwelt together in the most perfect peace, absolute happiness, and complete rest; no cares—everything that they needed was supplied and no more, and they dwelt together in loving-kindness; and when the lily disappeared they too were taken into the other world at the same moment.

So that tradition has come down through the ages, and whenever a friend wishes to express his loving farewell, he says, "Stop at the Angel's Lily!" When I heard that tradition (I took it down in shorthand in my diary), I studied upon it a long time before I could understand fully just what the old sheik meant. It was an illustration, a symbol; and as I studied long I found it reaching into all avenues of life, and, lo, it was one of the best descriptions of a philosophy of happiness that I ever saw put into any form, either in book or public speech. Because it is, after all, the place where men are happiest, half-way between Borzar, the hovel, and Bagdad, the magnificent palace of the Caliph.

They learn the lesson easiest in the East, although they are not always contented there.

That very chief called his wife "Something More." They name the people there from a characteristic. I wonder what kind of name some people would have in this country if they had a name following their natural characteristic. He called his wife "Something More," because she always wanted something more; never satisfied, the more she had the more she wanted, and that was in that very land and in the family of that very man who told me this story. And I asked him if he would not stop the caravan when we came to the Angel's Lily, between Bagdad and Borzar. He said, "We always pass it before we know we have passed it, no matter which way we go." That parable contained an important lesson in the wisest philosophy of human living.

The men who succeed in business and live happily at the same time need to find that Angel's Lily. I have asked myself, and I ask you now: "How much money do you think you should possess in order to make yourself perfectly happy? Just how many thousand dollars would fill all your needs?" The time was when you thought if you had five hundred dollars you would be perfectly happy. Perhaps if you could get fifty cents, as Charles Schwab once needed, you would be contented. Schwab, now that he has one hundred million, is

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discontented. Somewhere he has passed that border, the line where the lily blossomed. Some men always do that in business. How foolish they are!

Some man says, "I will get five thousand dollars, and then I will be happy"; and the moment he gets five thousand dollars he never thinks of stopping where the lily is, but goes on to further discontent. Old Hutchinson of Chicago was a great illustration of that. He gained a few thousand dollars, but he went into speculations and finally cornered wheat in Chicago until he had five millions of dollars. It is said that his nieces and nephews were very anxious that he should not spend that five million dollars or run any risk of losing it until he died. He could not take it with him; they knew that, and so they tried to persuade him not to do anything more in speculations; but he said: "I can have six millions just as well as five; I can make another million in one more corner in wheat." You remember how he made a corner in wheat, lost all the five million he did have and was several hundred thousand dollars in debt; and how he went to work as a porter in a hotel in order to get back his millions. If they paid as much fees then as they do now in the hotels, one will not be surprised if he had gotten it all back by this time.

Many remarkable things have happened in my travels of sixty years on the railroads and in the

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hotels almost continually, but I never had so remarkable an incident to occur as happened last night. When I went into my room, as is usual, I took some change out of my pocket and gave to the porter who showed me into the room, and it happened to be about thirty cents. He threw it back on the bed, and said, "We do not accept any fees now less than a half-dollar." Well, I told him I felt more like thirty cents than I ever did before, and that I would not give him any more. That illustration shows how the porter who was dissatisfied with thirty cents was once satisfied with fifteen cents, then twenty, then twenty-five, now wants a half-dollar, and feels insulted if he is not given it by persons who are not obliged to give him anything. And Old Hutchinson's experience was that he wanted six millions, and he went after the six millions, but he had so far passed the *Angel's Lily* that it may have left him in suffering poverty, going to that extreme which many of our business men do.

How much wealth do you suppose could possibly have made Solomon happy? He was a very unhappy man, and did most foolish things, because he was the most wealthy man in the world then. There seems to be no suffering more acute than the suffering from the possession of too great wealth; and when a man has succeeded in business, the time for him is then to retire, when he is half-way between a pauper and a multimillionaire.



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I went out to see the soft-coal miners recently, and as I visited there and had a talk with them as they were going into a "strike," I saw that they showed that same disposition precisely. The miners said that their pay had been raised three times, but so many people had told them they might just as well have ten dollars advance as three, consequently the very raise of their wages made them the more discontented. While they do not get any more than they ought to get, yet this increase has made them more and more discontented, and if they were to be paid all they ask for, they would be more discontented than they are now. It is human nature, and especially human with that class. They should be contented with a fair wage in order to be happy. Happiness is not found in drawing an immense income which results in enriching a person without his having earned it, and thus, without having an opportunity to appreciate it.

How much do you think Mr. Rockefeller knows about his two or three hundred millions? How much does he get out of it? He does not get as much out of it as you do out of what you possess. He cannot enjoy it. No man can enjoy perhaps over fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars furnishes everything that any healthy man or woman could enjoy, and when a man gets beyond that sum he is going into care; he has passed beyond the place where perfect happiness is found. The men

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who divide with their employees as they go along are the successful men. They are rich in more ways than one. They are the happy men who divide as they go along.

If the "coal barons" had only taken time by the forelock, and, consulting with each other, had decided that they would raise the pay of those miners to balance their increasing profits, it would have been all peace. While they would not have received, at first, so many millions in money themselves, they would have been happier, and happiness is worth more than the millions could be to them. Men who divide with their employees as they go along are the happiest men that you find in the world of business. The time has come when men must divide as they go along in their business, or they become very unhappy, and certainly, in these days, will be very unsuccessful.

Did you ever try to carry seven eggs in one hand? If you are not a farmer's boy your hand would not be as large as mine, for you did not hold that plow as many years as I did. But I would like to see you try that. You can carry six all right. I have often carried six eggs and a pail of milk into the house from the barn in the morning. But one day there were seven fresh eggs there, and I decided I would carry the seven in one hand. I went in and washed my hands and clothes. You can carry six and be happy; seven, and you are extremely un-

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happy, for there is the point where you go beyond the line.

Twenty-five years ago the very worst men that I had anything to do with in my travels as a lecturer were the traveling salesmen. They were full of all manner of evil suggestions. They always took me for a salesman, and would call me up in the night to come down and play poker or have a drink. Once they sent a bottle of whisky up to my room as a compliment from other salesmen, thinking I too was a salesman. Once a salesman staggered on to a New York ferry so intoxicated that he could hardly manage his satchels. He finally fell into a seat, and seeing me with my two satchels he said, "Partner, won't you wake me up when I get across to New York?" He went sound asleep, and by the time we reached Twenty-third Street it was difficult to awaken him. I had to shake him, finally did awaken him, and balanced him, and as he stepped off the boat he turned and said to me, "I've got a pretty heavy jag on, but you know how it is yourself!" Each salesman thought every other salesman "knew how it was himself." I protested with one salesman in Illinois, and said: "I cannot believe that is good business; I think you will be sorry you took advantage of the farmers." They were boasting they had done so. That salesman said: "You cannot sell goods unless you can overreach men. You have to lie and keep lying until you sell

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the goods." That salesman quoted as an illustration the case of the salesman who was arrested for murder and tried in the court. When they asked him to plead, he pleaded "Guilty," and the judge said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you do not need to go out to bring in your verdict, you hear what he said about it." Then when the jury gave their verdict as "Not guilty," the judge looked at them and said, "Did you not hear him say that he was guilty?" "Yes," said the foreman, "but you can't believe a word a traveling salesman says!"

Anyhow they were the most unprincipled class of people I have ever traveled with. I was ashamed to be seen in their company because I did not wish to inform them that I was a preacher. I learned many things about dishonest methods I never knew before. But it has all changed since then. The very best class of people that you now meet on the road are the traveling salesmen. The merchants have found out that that selfish way of dealing was only a loss to them, and that they should not overreach or cheat the farmers or the ignorant people of the city. One firm in Boston sent their salesman to Bradford, Pa., when I was lecturing there, and he seemed so weary when he came in to supper that I asked, 'Did you sell a lot of goods?' He said, "Yes, I never sold so many in my life, but I did not sell a penny's worth for my firm in Boston." I asked him what he meant by that, and he said, "My



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firm in Boston tells me that if I arrive in a town and have spare time, I am to make sales for the local merchants whether they handle our line or not." And he canvassed the village as best he could to see how many orders he could get. He went out for the local groceryman and had canvassed the village, and he said he believed that man would be more than a week trying to deliver the orders he got for him that day, and not a penny did his firm make on it. I happened to know that firm, and had passed their little store in Boston, and now they are the largest firm in the wholesale business in the city of Boston. They have grown by being satisfied and by stopping at the Angel's Lily. They have been satisfied with reasonable profit; they have been willing to turn in and help some one else when they have gotten all they could honorably get from that community. The business that ever takes this middle course of commerce is the business that succeeds; and, anyhow, happiness is success whether you get much money or not.

One day a traveling salesman illustrated this thing to me at the Pennsylvania Station. There was a great excursion and a crowd there, and my train was within ten minutes of departing. There was such a crowd between me and the gateway I tried to look up some other way. A traveling salesman I had never seen before heard me, and said, "Do you need to get that train?" And I an-

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swered, " If it is possible! " Then he said, " Don't worry, step right up behind me, hold on to your satchel! " I stepped close to him, and then he stepped into the edge of the crowd. There was an old lady there with a basket on the floor, and he put forward his foot and moved the basket. She reached down and picked up the basket, and he stepped in the place where the basket had been. In front of him was a gentleman with an umbrella under his arm, and he took hold of the end of the umbrella and slightly moved it, and the man turned around to see what was going on, and he then stood edgewise and the salesman pushed in. So he went from one to another with deliberation, and finally asked the last man to step aside, and that man let me through, and then the salesman bade me good-bye and went his way. I have never known who did me that kindness, but I was in the train a minute before it started.

Successful life and successful business is the one that works like that; that touches the basket and moves that; that touches the umbrella and moves that; and steps inch by inch into the advanced places. That steady, permanent advance is a much better place in business than is any sudden speculation which overloads a man with responsibility and anxiety. The way to be happy in getting rich is to proceed in that steady and careful way.

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Happiness, or the Angel's Lily, blooms in learning where a man may know too little or a man may know too much. There comes to me tonight the figure of Ruskin, that great writer on art and music, that wonderful English composer who wrote the "Stones of Venice," a book that will live with increasing fascination as the ages go on. I was in England as a correspondent, and I went to see him; I heard that he was not well, not himself, and when I stepped up to the cottage there at the English lakes where he had gone for his health, he was in charge of an attendant nurse. When I put my hand on the gate and asked if I could see Mr. Ruskin, the nurse came and said, "He would not know you, but," he said, "you may speak to him if you have traveled so far to do it; I do not think it would do him any harm." I spoke to him and found his mind wandering on something that had occurred years and years before. Poor, weak man, broken in mind, he had studied too hard, he had learned too much, he had gone beyond the Angel's Lily even in learning.

And it is possible for men to study so hard and so long as to make grave mistakes as to the truths of life, because of their overstudy. There is such a thing as being such a scholar as to be terribly ignorant.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was another one who was great during his middle life, and in that period

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he expressed great philosophic ideas. But his conversation at last became nothing but frivolous expressions of disconnected language. When at the funeral of Mr. Longfellow we were passing the coffin at Cambridge, Ralph Waldo Emerson was led along by one of his family; and as he looked into the coffin of Mr. Longfellow, who had been one of the most intimate friends he ever had, he shook his head and said, "It seems to me I have seen that face somewhere before," and the magazines and newspapers of that day spoke of the pathetic thing, that this great man with that wonderful mind should have so broken down as to be almost silly in his intercourse with other people. Overdone, overlearned, gone beyond the Angel's Lily.

Where is the place for a home in which you can be most happy? It will be half-way between the great city and the wilderness of the country; half-way between the valley and the mountaintop. The place where we find the most health is among the middle class of people. The homes we have in Philadelphia where men are earning from fifteen to fifty dollars a week are the happiest homes in the world. They are the most healthful homes in the world; no class of people live so long, and none enjoy their lives so much as those who own their homes with an income from fifteen to fifty dollars a week. A home that is too rich becomes a prison, and so it is if it is too poor.

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I saw the home of a miner this week. He earns twenty dollars a week and sends seventeen dollars and fifty cents of it home to Poland every week, and lives on the other two dollars and a half. Oh, what a wretched home of dirt and poverty is that in which to dwell! Yet I have seen palaces in which the discomfort was equally great.

Once I was called to pray with a dying man in this city. I went into that magnificent, palatial residence, furnished beyond anything I had ever seen outside of a gallery of art, and I sat down by the bedside of that millionaire. His two sons were in a room within a few feet of where I sat, and the door of the room they were in was open only a few inches. I could hear their conversation. The nurse told me that the doctor said he thought this wealthy man would come to himself before he died, and she wished I would stay awhile. He was very quiet, and seemingly asleep. As I sat there I heard the conversation of those two young men. It thrills and chills me now. One of them seemed to be quite intoxicated. I could hear the clicking of the glasses, for they were drinking wine. One of them said, "I hope he will die before Monday noon, because I want to take the steamer for Paris." The other one said, "I do not think father will die, as he has a strong constitution and will 'hang on a long time.' " The other man swore about it and said, "It will be a dreadful thing if he don't die before Monday!"

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They were the two sons that he had brought up, on whom he had wasted his wealth, on whom he had wasted his affection. They were in that very home waiting impatiently for him to die. Oh, the dreadful extreme of it! As I went home I shuddered, and I felt as though those two young men were murderers. That father did die before Monday. I did not attend the funeral. The minister of another denomination was called upon to conduct the funeral service. But that home was immediately broken up, and both those young men went to Europe to live—one to Lucerne and the other to Paris. There they wasted their money in riotous living.

It was not a week later that I went to the Berkshire Hills to call on an old friend of my father. The old man sat there by the fireplace, very sad. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said that he wanted to die. I said: "You have a comfortable house here, a nice home with your daughter and your grandchildren, I should think you might find a great deal of comfort now. They will take good care of you." "Oh, no," he said, "the reason I wish to die is that I have no money, and they feel that I am a burden to them; consequently every time I am given anything to eat I dislike to touch it, because they think I'm an expense. I haven't a dollar of my money left, and I must depend now upon my daughter and my grandchildren to take care of me." The old man's heart was broken. He prayed for death



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because he did not have anything; and there was the other man, whose sons wanted him to die, because he had too many millions of money. Somewhere between those two extremes there is a place where the Angel's Lily would certainly blossom.

A home does not consist of a house, whether it be large or small. Did you ever begin housekeeping in two rooms? Oh, those blessed two rooms! Of all descriptions I have ever seen of palatial residences and magnificent estates, nothing comes back to me like the glory of two rooms over a store in Minneapolis. Why didn't you go to keeping house in two rooms? If you did not, you have missed a link in fraternity. Oh, what a blessed place it is to begin keeping house with your young wife! Many do begin in that way, and do you remember how handy everything was? The bedroom was a bedroom, a library, a picture-gallery, the storehouse, and the cellar. The other room was the dining-room, the parlor, the kitchen, and the refrigerator. The table was in the middle of that small room, the cook-stove over there; and your wife could sit there and throw the slapjacks right over on your plate; and you always found them hot. Oh, do you remember that? Do you remember how when your wife had cooked everything so nicely and cleaned up the house so finely, you used to say to her: "Wife, I am ashamed to have you live in two rooms like this, and so far up the stairs! I am not con-

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tented, I want you to live in a palace some day. I love you so much that I am going to have the finest residence in the city for you. I will work hard and save my money, and we will get on together and have a palace by and by! " Now, have you set in your mansion the plate-glass doors, your cathedral windows, your brown-stone front, with your beautiful garden in the rear? Have you? Do you live in that house, and are you happy in it now? My friend, tonight it storms, and you will go home in the rain, and you will go to the nearest front door and ring the bell. Some one will come to the inside of the door, and it is your wife. She sees that it is nobody but you at the front. "She shouts: "Go around to the back door with your wet feet! You can't come into the front door of this house with wet feet! " Then you will go to the kitchen and say, "Wife, I wish I could take a smoke." But she says: "You can't smoke in this house. If you smoke in this house, it will be down the cellar! " You're happy, are you? In the parlor you sit down with friends, and your wife looks over the banister continually to see that you don't kick over some of that bric-a-brac crowded in there. When you go to the table you don't know what spoon to use for soup, or what's for fish; whether you put the napkin in your neck or in your lap. You are in confusion, lose your appetite, you are puzzled, and your home, crushed under bags of gold, is destroyed; because

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you have gone beyond the Angel's Lily, and have gotten too much—overloaded with nice things. Happy? Oh, no! Many a time you have said to yourself (though not to your wife), “I wish I was back in the two rooms!” Oh, yes, to be back in the two upper rooms, with the content, with the happiness, with the deep and sincere affection. Far better there than to be in your magnificent palace now, with all its breeding care and discontent. The most beautiful home is half-way between these two extremes.

The food of the middle-class people is the healthiest food. We study dietetics largely for the purpose of teaching it now in our universities and our hospitals. But the more we study the chemistry of foods and digestion, the more we are driven back to the plain food of the middle class of people.

Did you ever have a supper all pie?—nothing but pie? Oh, the ambition of my youth was to have a supper all pie! When they used to cut the pie into smaller pieces because some neighbor had called, I looked with green eyes upon him and scowled upon the plate, and I said, “If I ever get to be a man, I will have one meal all pie, nothing but pie.” In New England, you know, we have pies for breakfast, dinner, and supper; pies between meals, and sometimes pies in the night.

I remember the time came when I was in the practice of law in Boston. I said to my wife one morn-

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ing, "I want a supper all pie, nothing but pie!" She asked, "Do you mean that?" I said: "Yes, I have been ambitious all my lifetime to have one meal all pie; now we are keeping house, and if you will make up mince pie, apple pie, cheese pie, sweet-potato pie, custard pie, berry pie, pumpkin pie, and all kinds of pies, I will go without my dinner, come home for supper, and have one grand meal all pie!" I came home hungry to that table and had one supper all pie. The supper was expensive, but it did not cost half as much as the doctor's bill afterward! Oh, no, the Angel's Lily does not blossom where it is all pie. There is a place somewhere between too little and too much.

In the family life, a family with no children in the house is down at Borzar, and the family with twenty children in a house in Bagdad. I read the account of that man in Kentucky, one hundred and thirty years old, with nineteen children. I should say that is two or three too many! But, on the other hand, with none, it is two, three, six, or eight too few. There is a middle ground; for this we are seeking in our civilization. But we leap to one length and then to the other. But very soon we must settle back again to the reasonable family life which is the only ideal life.

Then we need to find the Angel's Lily blossoming in our politics. Yes, of all places, there! That is the greatest need in our politics. We are extrem-

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ists and partizans. We are Republicans and vote for our man if he steal ever so much, and so would the Democrat, and so would the Prohibitionist, and the Socialist; so would every one who goes into partizan politics for partizan purposes.

In the extremes of the labor movement, the workmen are demanding much more than is reasonable. One man told me that they were striking "for five days a week, and six hours a day." I smiled and asked, "Why don't you go in for the whole figure, and say you won't work at all, and ask for ten dollars a day?" I could not help but smile at the ridiculousness of any such an appeal as that—want five days a week, and six hours a day, and an advance of one hundred per cent. on what they were earning, while before they were working ten hours a day and six days a week. It was the foolish extreme, and that is the difficulty with that whole question. The extreme is there, and the extreme of it makes it a matter of government interference. Equity, equity, equity is under the Lily.

We know in the story of "John Halifax, Gentleman," the owner of the land up the river made a tunnel and drew the water away from the river to spite the young man who owned a mill down the river. That river had run there all the ages. This young man had assumed that it would continue to run there and leased a large mill. He had reason to believe it would continue. But the man who owned

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land farther up the stream, to spite this young man, turns the river into another channel. It is what the miners and farmers may do. They have the river—they have the coal—they have what we need, and in order to make some more money themselves they turn the river away from our mill. They have no right to do that, because it is an extreme case. A man has a right to get what wages he can earn. A man has a right to work and to leave his work if he has no contract to go on with it. Fairness and equity among men should be the rule everywhere. But the overdemand that six hundred thousand men will lay down their picks and shovels and let the poor people in the great cities starve, or, at this time of year, freeze, for need of a hod of coal! Neither they nor the owners have a moral right to do that, and they should have no legal right thus to destroy the people.

In Austria, before the government purchased the railroads, a man had trouble with the railway company. It was not about wages, but something similar to it. He was an engineer, and he went out of that office when they refused to grant his request, and said, "I will get even with the company!" Soon after, as he was taking an excursion down the Swiss Mountains on the way to the lake, he opened the throttle and jumped to safety, letting the train go on, and hundreds were crushed because the train was wrecked. Now he was in the position where his



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grievance was no excuse for him to murder the innocent people on the train in order to spite the railroad company. That is very often the extreme of our labor question. The ship is in the harbor with plenty of supplies, but while the officers and crew quarrel the people on the island starve. I have been among those poor people many times, and I can see that they do not get the pay they ought to have. It is our duty to give them more, as true Americans. They cannot be civilized men and live the way they do live there now—in those wretched, muddy valleys; in those little houses unprotected from the storms, and having no sanitary privileges. It is a wicked shame that we allow such conditions in this country, and it must react on us even in our clean homes. There's an Angel's Lily of fairness among men on the part of the employer and the laborer.

I am reminded of a visit to the palace of the grandfather of the last Emperor of Russia. We were shown through it while his family were away. As we went through the old palace of that former great ruler of Russia, and saw where the detectives had slept under his bed, and that little room with blind doors, through which the soldiers could leap into his room; and as they showed me where his food was prepared, and where it was tasted twice before it reached him, in every case, to be sure it was not poisoned; and as they told us that whenever he rode out on the street he had to be protected with

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great rows of soldiers, we concluded that an emperor's life was the most unhappy life you could possibly find. I have often thought that it was a crime against that family to allow them to have all those luxuries, to hold all that power, and run all that risk. Who would be emperor of the Russias with all the arrangements like that? Yet who would also be a laborer in the kitchen at three dollars a week; or a laborer in the cellar at twenty-five cents a day; or a laborer in the dark mines all day for one dollar a day? Who would do that? There is a place—the middle ground—that we must always strive to find.

Reforms too have their extremes. We reformers thought we would have a national civil service a while ago. It seemed perfectly reasonable that we should have civil service; we thought a man should stay in a political office as long as he was fit for it, no matter what party he voted for.

One man wanted me to sign a petition to get him in the custom-house. I asked him, "Have you passed the civil service examination?" He said: "I suppose so. A friend agreed to answer the questions, and I have not seen him since. But if you sign this paper I will get in all right." I thought then how foolish we had been to fight through all that reform and then find that the civil service was as much a political machine as before. Yesterday you read about the civil service law applying in Wash-

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ington. They said in the Senate that if the Democratic President appointed that Civil Service Commission, then every applicant from the Democratic party would be certain to pass the examination; and so it would be if the Republicans did it.

Once a man applied at the Boston custom-house for a position, and one of the civil service questions was, "How many men did the British bring over in the Revolutionary War?" And he answered, "A great sight more than they took back!" The next question on that paper was, "How near to the earth is the moon?" And he wrote, "Not near enough to interfere with my custom-house duties." He passed, and should pass if he was wise enough to answer like that.

Suppose there should be elected a Republican or Democratic president at the next election, and suppose the civil service law applied, so that every person who is now in office would remain in office no matter how great the change might be in the vote of the people. If another president went in with a reform idea that the people had directed him to take with him there, and had the same people underneath him everywhere, in their post-office and in other offices in the government, he could do nothing. The will of the people could not be carried out if that civil service provision did not also provide that when the parties change many of the officials must change too. We learn, after long experience, that that re-

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form was going to a wild extreme because none who vote the Republican ticket would be or could be satisfied that all Democrats should remain in power simply because they passed the civil service examination. Neither would the Democrats, because the will of the people must be carried out in a true democracy, and it can only be carried out when the president can appoint officials of his own party under him, and who have also passed a reasonable civil service examination.

Now we go to extremes with the woman's suffrage advancement. In 1870 to 1875 we went to wild extremes with it. The fact is that if the women when they get into power are going to take possession of everything and run it according to their feminine ideas, and utterly regardless of masculine ideas, I do not want them to vote.

It reminds me of a young man who came into my office and sat and bawled and bawled. I have seen many like him; I knew just what was the matter. He said he was engaged to be married, but he had found out that the girl belonged to another denomination, and he said, "I cannot conscientiously marry her." I asked, "Why not?" He said, "The Bible declares, 'Ye must not be yoked together with unbelievers.'"

I said I did not remember that the Bible said just that. He insisted, "It says, 'you shall not be yoked together with unbelievers,' and to me she is an unbeliever." "Well," I said, "sup-

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pose she is an unbeliever, and suppose she loves you so much that she will do most anything you ask her to do, even to go to church service with you; if you love her as you ought to love, you ought to have no other question about that at all." But he said, "I do not think it would be right, and I think I will have to give it up." Then I told him what I tell you.

We had a vicious old cow on the farm when I was a boy. I hate that cow now! Every time she went down to drink in the winter she would rush off into the roadway or somewhere else and make me late for school. The teacher would scold, because I could not get that cow back in the barn in time to get to school. One day I said, "I will teach you, old cow," and I then made a slipping noose and put it around her horns, and slipped it over my hand so that the harder she pulled the tighter it would hold, and I said, "Old cow, you can't get away from me." When we were going down toward the water, I, in my triumphant pride, gave her a yank here and a pull there to let her know I was master. But when she saw a sheaf she determined to have that. I determined she should not. Up went her tail and her horns, and away she went dragging me after her, with seven-league boots. I saw a little apple tree ahead and knew it would be certain death if she should throw me against it, and I leaped out one side, spread myself out on the snow, and drew that

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rope across the tree. Of course, in that way I could hold her tight. She swung around toward me and fell on her side, I got out my jack-knife and cut off that rope from my bleeding hand (the scars I can see right now), and then I said (I quoted Scripture aright), "I'll never again be *unequally* yoked together with an old cow!" If the old cow is going to control you, do not be yoked up. But if you are "equally" yoked, there the Lily will blossom.

One of the greatest reforms that we need now in this State is an increase of the succession tax, and I would advocate it everywhere. The succession tax is a tax on what is left of a man's property when he dies. The inheritance tax is the best way of reaching equality between the rich and the poor that can be established. New York State is using it to great advantage. The socialist who goes to the extremes, and would burn down the houses of the rich, and would rob their banks of their gold, and distribute it equally among the poor, has a righteous idea, but advocates a very false method of reaching that idea. On Madison Avenue, New York, some years ago, there was born a little baby, whose first dress cost one hundred and twelve thousand dollars; that is, with the ornaments, one hundred and twelve thousand dollars for the little baby dress. That young man came on up in life until he was twenty-four years old, when he committed some crime and had to run away. They finally bought him off, but he



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stayed in Europe, and, after the most wretched and miserable life, full of sorrows and full of remorse, he went from this world.

Back on the side street from that avenue, on the same night, was born a little boy whose first dress was a piece of an old, dirty, rag carpet from the back yard. That young man when he was twenty-four or twenty-five overworked in some way so that he contracted the St. Vitus's dance and is still living in the Bellevue Hospital, New York, a hopeless, helpless invalid. He has been waited upon all the years, knows but very little, almost an idiot, just because he was born with too little! The other was born with too much.

Now then the succession tax would have come in and would have said to this poor family: We will take from the rich where they have left to their children an unreasonable amount and we will take care of this child; we will give him everything that can be useful to the children of the rich. Equality will reign for the first few years, until both have an equal education.

Now Pennsylvania should go into that regulation at once in order to provide for the poor what they could not otherwise obtain. All that is taken from the estates of the rich should be divided among the needs of the poor. That is the way steadily to reach justice, step by step. It is the Angel's Lily coming up into sight.

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Very soon we will be altogether out of the temperance question. We will have prohibition, will do away with the sale of intoxicating liquors. What a magnificent Christian victory it is! Wonderful! It makes one feel as though he is looking "upon the sublime mountains of the delectable land." This country is free from drunkenness and the crimes and sorrows that go with it. Yet again there is an Angel's Lily to blossom there. The effort of the Congress of the United States to kill temperance by passing such extreme regulations may be a political move in favor of rescinding the amendment altogether, and many of the Congressmen voted for the extreme enforcement bill with the hope that the people would react, and they are expecting that they will.

It reminds me of a temperance meeting held in Brooklyn, New York, where Bishop Potter made a magnificent address which brought tears to the eyes of the bartenders and saloon-keepers who had been especially invited to attend that meeting. The chairman turned to me and asked me to speak. But I said: "I would rather not speak. Enough has been said to settle the whole matter. The good bishop has said enough; I will go home." Then the chairman arose and said, "There may be some friends here who will occupy the few minutes that are left." More than twenty men got up to speak. Finally he recognized one far back and asked him

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to come up to the platform. Then, as I recall his speech, he flew into furious excitement, and said: "I do not sympathize at all with what the good bishop has said. I haven't any inclination whatever to take the hand of, or say a good word to, or do a good deed for any man that serves rum across the bar. If I had my way, I would seize every rum-seller, put a rope around his neck, and pull him up at the nearest lamp-post, and hold him there wriggling until he died!" Do you think that meeting was a success?

All those bartenders and saloon-keepers felt they were insulted, as they were, and Bishop Potter afterward told me that that meeting had done more harm to the cause of prohibition and temperance than anything he had ever heard. It changed his way of dealing with the whole question. It did not change my views or the way I would deal with it, but it confirmed the twelve hundred or fifteen hundred who were present. An extreme even in temperance! Temperance means where the Angel's Lily blossoms. It does not mean the extremes of those people who would go so far as to destroy this excellent movement by their drastic injustice.

This thing is also true with reference to philanthropy. A man attended a meeting of the ministers of this city. He said he had one hundred thousand dollars to give away and wanted their advice. Some advised him to put up a hospital; some to build

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a church; some to give it to the poorhouse; some to open a seashore house for the poor. But he did not take the advice of any of the preachers. He built a factory, and then said: "This factory shall be owned by the workmen in it; that is, the title shall be in a company of which the workmen are a part. I will not ask for any interest, only ask them to keep the building in repair." He set up a community with which many of you are acquainted. I have found as a preacher, as a visitor of the poor, that this is one of the best charities that can be found: one of the very best. Its workmen are enterprising, intelligent; their homes are clean; their children are educated and well clothed. That was a great charity!

Recently I gave an address in Pittsburgh for the great Equitable Insurance Company. I was glad to go, because insurance is not the extreme method of giving away money to people who do not earn it. You should never give money to any person unless he would earn it if he could. We are constantly doling out our charity and doing vast harm with it. An insurance company is the ideal Biblical charity. If a man when he is well gives to an insurance company the premiums, that that money may be given to the widows and children of those who are dying day by day, he is doing a good deed; he is doing a charitable thing; and then when he comes to die other people will contribute their chari-

table gifts into the company to provide for his wife and children. I have been thinking of it more to-day than ever before, how our charities ought to be conducted on the insurance company plans and no man helped unless he deserves it, and then never helped too much, and always required to return that which he receives if he can. I look back on fifty years of helping poor students, and I have often thought that it would have been better for me to provide that they should return the money, and I think if I were to begin life over again that would be the way I would do, that he who is helped shall turn in and help other people. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Look at the extremes of church life and religion! We need only one great church in all the world. We need a single body, and that single body should be composed of members where each one is a denomination by himself. We should agree to disagree, because that is the nearest and best agreement in the world. There should be one great church over the earth. Look at the tree; there are no two leaves alike, and yet how wonderfully beautiful it is.

In a certain city I walked by a Friends' meeting-house before my lecture. I love the Friends, and I said, "Here is a chance for me to go in and worship." I stood by the open door, but there was no

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sound within. The Spirit had not seemed to move upon them to speak. I was standing in the doorway when the Salvation Army came down the street. They stopped right in front of that door, blowing their horns and pounding that great drum. I was standing half-way between these two extremes of silence and of noise. While both of them are excellent institutions (I would not hold them up for an instant to any sign of ridicule), the incident is a concrete illustration of my theme. Some people want the softest cushion they can find, and some other people conscientiously want an old slab to sit on; some people want a riot of noise, and others want the most delicate silence. Churches—oh, they vary so greatly everywhere. And human nature, if it worships, must worship in its own way; hence I would say that the Angel's Lily will rise and bloom in its beauty when we all agree to disagree, and to work together on all points on which we are essentially agreed.

But the greatest extremes I find in the fashions. I wonder if there is any man here (surely no woman) who remembers 1860? Do you remember how the ladies appeared on the street then, with those great fortresses of steel, those hoops that reached away out from the sidewalk so you could hardly get within hearing distance of a young lady then? See what a contrast there is with it now. A lady can't step up the first step of the stairs



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now. Ever sweeping to the extremes! The great poet said:

Be not the first by which the new is tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

The ideal fashion is half-way between the extremes.

I walked into a ballroom one night to look on the beautiful scene, and I saw public dancing. I had not looked upon such a scene in recent years. I remember well when I used to play in the orchestra for dances in the country, and recall those country dances. How aloof the gentlemen and ladies kept. A man hardly dared to smile across to his partner, so far apart, as they went up the middle and down the outside. What lovely hours they enjoyed, and what excellent people they were! What grand characters they were who danced there! Dancing where the Lily blooms is one of the most healthful recreations. But as I looked into the ballroom that night, I could hardly believe that men and women could be so indelicate and hope to be respectable. I did not suppose that good men and women of common sense would ever dance so indecently as that. It was a scene that makes the cheek burn with shame. I turned away from it, and as I walked out into another part of the hotel I met a gentleman and asked him, "Have you seen that ballroom to-night?" And he said: "Yes, but I won't look into it again; I was ashamed to be seen looking on." He

was a decent man and would not even look in again. The delicate aloofness, the sensitive modesty, and the sweet shyness which form the diadem of pure womanliness seemed wholly absent on that occasion.

Ladies who see me now, won't you frown on that? If you knew what I know, you would hate it. If you had read the letters I have gotten this week from young men and young women, who tell me the story of how they went to the dance first and how their fall into crime followed it; if you know what I thus know, there isn't a woman here tonight who would ever permit her daughter to indulge in these modern extreme dances with the indecent dressing and the lascivious behavior. It's an extreme, far off to Borzar; yet dancing in itself, guardedly innocent, will not be condemned by intelligent people. But it should be forbidden where there are such suggestive extremes. These dreadful extremes, and the conversations in the smoking-room about the ladies!

Fashion should be a high art. The universities in this country are very soon to establish a professorship in the art of dress and personal adornment, and I hope that I shall live to see the time when every lady will know just how to dress in accordance with the highest art. Because there is a true art in the decoration of homes, buildings, and in the decoration of one's person. It is every woman's duty to dress neatly and beautifully. It's her duty to herself, her duty to the men, and her duty to her God. To my

mind love of the beautiful can express itself naturally, and she should dress in accordance therewith. But all need some standard set up that shall keep them from going away to those wild extremes—the high-heel shoes, the bathing-suit, the disheveled hair.

In the study of this subject for the purpose of founding a professorship in our University, we have discussed it often, and it is perfectly clear now that universities, like Harvard, will soon have a Professorship in the Art of Human Dress in order that they may revive the standard of Greek, Roman, Eastern, and Western art, teaching the decoration that suits the personality and occupation. It is a great and beautiful art. But the woman who rushes into it because some one else has used it, is doing herself wrong and doing wrong to the cause of humanity. Beauty is half God and half human. That was the Greek idea of beauty, half from the gods and half from a human mother. They considered that the ideal beauty. The waste of money on expensive dress and the putting on of clothes torn or soiled are extremes. The ladies who dress in accordance with the highest art are those who usually use the least money in their dress. If you will go down Chestnut Street, you will see that the handsomest dress is the simplest, and you will see that the richest attire cost the least. If you have not done it before, you notice it the next time you have a chance. You will find that the woman who paid

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thirty dollars for a dress is better dressed in high art, in the true beauty of art, than the person who paid one hundred and thirty dollars. These extremes ought to be avoided. But there is an Angel's Lily where women will be beautifully dressed; and there is no reason in the world why a man should not wear a red necktie if he desires, if it is in harmony with his complexion. There is no reason why all of us should not so dress as to show forth to the world our character. When God created woman and endowed her with the disposition to decorate herself, it was precisely the same thing as when the female bird in the spring decorates herself with all the beautiful plumage that she can assemble from the skies in their color, and so decorating herself she is fulfilling the law of God. So is the woman, and so should the man. Angels always plant their most glorious and purest lilies half-way between covetousness and wastefulness; between slavery and anarchy; between starvation and gluttony; between rags and gaudiness; between laziness and overwork; between egotism and abnegation; between flattery and insult; between carelessness and worry; between refreshment and drunkenness; between cowardice and recklessness; between thoughtless obedience and riotousness; between silence and garrulousness; between poverty and riches; between the jail and the desert; between coldness and passion; between the infidel and the troglodyte; between the

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woman-hater and the woman-worshiper; between the treadmill and the runway; between midnight and noon; between the giant and the pigmy; between profanity and the pious whine; between stagnation and storm; between arctic cold and tropic heat; between green apples and those in decay; between idiocy and lunacy; between Bagdad and Borzar.

I will close by saying that we are getting far advanced in civilization in this country, and the truest and best thing that I can say at this time is that I believe it is permanent. I believe it is going to stand. We are not in favor of any revolution, and I do not believe there is going to be any. Because of the good sense of our great American citizens of the great middle class of people. Not ten per cent. of the laboring people belong to the labor union; and not ten per cent. belong to the rich capitalists of this country. After all, the great government of this country is going to be borne triumphantly through all its difficulties by the even balance of the middle class of people, which is an honor to America and which has maintained so grandly the honor of the American flag.

We have so few extremists here like Lenine. We have so few extremists like those capitalists who would oppress the poor. The common sense of the people will come back to claim its own. Never fear, friends, go your way, and wait. Do your duty and trust; and your nation shall yet arise out

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of all this agitation into nobler living, made lovely by our serving God and man, with our eyes on the future and our feet on the ground.

I wish to quote a poem which expresses precisely this thought, though many do not observe its import at first :

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in his room he said,  
“ What writest thou? ” The Vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered “ The names of those who *love the Lord.* ”  
“ And is mine one? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”  
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still: and said, “ I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that *loves his fellow men.* ”  
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.



## II

# THE HISTORY OF TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

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# THE HISTORY OF TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

## I

### THE BEGINNINGS

The Temple University was begun as an evening school, to supply a most conspicuous necessity.

In 1884 the city of Philadelphia had no public evening schools and there were only a few institutions which supplied any instruction for the laboring classes during their spare hours in the day. The lack of instruction kept the rate of wages low, owing to the lack of earning power. Enterprise, public spirit, and the happiness of the middle classes were restricted and restrained by the lack of knowledge how best to apply themselves to their opportunities. There was a great door, and it was wide open.

It was not difficult to supply such a crying need, when it was so apparent to all the people that some advance must be made in our school systems so as to advance education for the masses who could not afford to attend school regularly after they reached the earning age. Our great and efficient public-school system, which has surprisingly kept pace

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with the advance of the country in population and wealth, was doing a very important and necessary work in training the children, but it could not go far enough to prepare the young people to enter directly into business or skilled labor.

### **Training Means Cash**

There were many thousands of poor people who could have earned a good living themselves if they had only obtained a few months or years of practical education. Thousands of them were anxious to study and were willing to make great sacrifices to obtain instruction, but lacked the discipline and information they could have obtained if their spare hours could have been utilized for valuable study. Nearly every city in the United States was in need of the same instruction. But for some reason the desire and energy were not strong enough actually to develop into deeds. The rich were rapidly growing richer and the two aristocracies, one of wealth and the other of exclusive education, were threatening to undermine the democracy of the American nation, and the ignorant were becoming the actual slaves of the wise and wealthy. The condition grew out of the fact that the nation had suddenly come into wealth and power, and the new condition brought out naturally the traits of character which sudden wealth or sudden political influence gives to mankind.

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### **Wealth Brings Penalties**

The attempts to imitate the European institutions, manners, and customs were often grotesque, but produced very serious results. The laborer saw that he was not often getting his fair share of the profits of the business in which he was virtually a partner, but he was too ignorant to avail himself of honorable and effective means to secure justice. Oftentimes the capitalist, who had come into wealth he had not earned, was incapable of handling his money so as to make it profitable to himself or prevent its being injurious to others.

Intellectual and moral education was necessary to the preservation of the equality and liberty of the American democracy. An unintelligent or unprincipled voter held a dangerous power and might destroy himself and others in the rude handling of such a dynamic force. The people must be intelligent in order to rule wisely, and they must be moral and religious in order to rule generously. Such thoughts were in the minds of many patriotic and philanthropic people in 1884.

### **Advice from Pastor**

The following interview with the first young man who applied for instruction in the class which afterward became the Temple College and is now the Temple University is as plain and accurate a report as can be recalled of the actual conversation held

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one evening in June, 1884. The interview took place in a little office in the basement of a small church known as the Grace Baptist Church, at the corner of Berks and Marvine Streets, Philadelphia. The writer of this article was then the pastor of that church, and the young man who called upon him for advice was a printer by the name of Charles M. Davies.

*Question.* "I heard you say in a sermon that many of the best-educated men of America, and a very large portion of the most successful of the great men of the world, were self-educated; that they had studied in their spare hours and pursued regular and careful readings at times when other men were asleep or were idly waiting for something to turn up. The printers at our office have been discussing the matter at the noonday recess, and the most of them believe sincerely that there is no hope for the ordinary young man to secure such an education as will enable him to compete with the graduates of our aristocratic universities. So I have come in to tell you my situation and ask your advice. For, if I can do better than I am doing I wish to start about it at once. I feel that I am fitted for a larger work and a higher income, but I am bound as with iron chains by my environment. My father is dead and I am left with the care of my mother and the younger children of our family, and it seems impossible to supply their growing needs even with the barest



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necessities of life. I think I am getting as large pay as I could expect from the kind of work which I am doing, and I must be of more service or work many more hours, or our family must scatter and perhaps become the objects of public charity.

“I have often felt that I could write books or practise law or teach if I had sufficient instruction, but there seems to be no possible opportunity for me to get the hours or the books for practical study. While I should like to know more, because of the great satisfaction it must bring in life to be able to comprehend and enjoy wider views and deeper knowledge, yet my first thought must be how to earn food and clothing so as to keep my mother from want and the children in school. I had to leave school and go to work before I had finished the usual grammar-school course in the public school, and we have not had the means to buy books; so that all I now learn I get from the articles which I set up in type.

“I thought that if I could only get education enough to be a proof-reader, I could get a place where my pay would be increased. But you said that men like Elihu Burritt and Abraham Lincoln secured a most useful education, though they began under difficulties which seemed to me to be greater than my own. I am willing to begin on one hour's study a day and sleep one hour less if such a small amount of time will be of any actual use.

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“ I am told that I can get books from one of our semipublic libraries by the payment of two dollars a year, and if I had some one to advise me or overlook my study I would begin at once and give this matter an honest trial. I feel in my soul that I am fitted for something worth while, and I have a firm belief that my Creator intended me to do some larger work. I have prayed over this matter long, and have been many times disappointed in my hopes. But a gleam of light came to me with the thought that ‘ what a man has done, man can do.’ Is there any help for such a person as I am? ”

### **A Sure Thing Wanted**

*Answer.* “ My young friend, you seem to be looking at these matters from the wrong point of view. You are following the usual custom of looking at all things which you cannot do instead of computing the things which you can do. The chief reason why the masses of the people do not secure a much more helpful education is simply because of their lack of faith. No one undertakes to do what he is sure he cannot do, and many refuse to undertake to perform an act the success of which is doubtful. All want a sure thing. Your life seems to be a hard one, and, anyhow, presents problems somewhat difficult to solve, but you need carefully to go over your waking hours and see if you could not, without injury to your health, get at least one half-hour a

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day for mental exercise. You may be taking some precious moments for the reading of advertisements in the newspapers on the car or on the railway which you could give to the study of a useful book. The harder the problem, the more valuable is the mental discipline required in solving it. The more difficult the climb, the more victorious is the man at the top. You should look at your difficulties as you would upon great opportunities and try to muster more courage, more patience, and a more hopeful ambition. Even a drone can get a so-called college education if he has a tutor for each study, who hires him to give attention for a short time each day, and if the college does not require anything but the simple attendance for so many hours upon its classes he may obtain a diploma, but he has not obtained that useful discipline of mind which can be secured only by sincere battle with difficulties. A handicap is often evidence of greater strength. A hero is one who gives more than any other. There would be no heroes if there were no battles or no arduous tasks, and there are no real scholars but those who have fought with circumstances while they studied books. The actual discipline of mind which a poor boy gets who is obliged to work to secure his education is often of far more value to him, and through him of far more value to the world, than an education so called which is too easily obtained, without hardship or struggle!

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“ The poor boy in America still has an open door to the most useful education, and I am sure if you study your circumstances with a positive determination that you will secure a necessary education to make your natural talents of the most use, you will win triumphantly within a few years. ‘Where there’s a will there’s a way.’ You would have no desire for further instruction if it were not for the ambition which your natural talents put into your life. Try to be especially economical in the use of your time, get the best books, associate with the best people, and let your conversation at the table be about something that is helpful or on themes that are inspiring. If your mother feels compelled to take boarders to help pay the way of the family, try to get such boarders as will be helpful in the influence of their presence and in the thoughts which they express. Intelligent boarders are often a whole university to a boy living in the house.”

### **Enthusiasm Needed**

*Question.* “ That advice seems a little too general to fit my case, although I feel a full ambition to do something more than I am doing now. I hardly dare to give wings to my natural ambition lest I should be disappointed and be broken-hearted by my failure. What is the first book you would advise me to get? ”

*Answer.* “You must arouse yourself to that pitch of enthusiastic hope where you will be sure that you cannot fail and will enter on your life’s work without fear. As to the first book you should read or study, you must do considerable thinking about that choice before you risk all your time upon its perusal. What do you conceive to be the first great need in your life?”

*Question.* “If I am to be a lawyer I suppose I will need to get a law-book, or if I am going to be a financier I will need a book on political economy; but that seems to me like a leap in the dark, because I cannot get books or secure the time to study them if I had them given to me until I provide for the family and myself the necessities of life. I must live if I am going to study.”

### **To Invest Talents**

*Answer.* “Our conversation is leading us directly to the point, and you have anticipated my advice. You must meet the very first need and train yourself always to do the next necessary thing. You must find out where your talents can be invested to a better advantage and where you can be more useful for mankind. You must increase your earning capacity as soon as possible, and you must consult your own talents carefully and decide what you can do with them. You must not overestimate yourself, nor underestimate yourself, but take a careful ac-

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count of your mental stock and seek the market for your genius where you will be most appreciated.

“ You are in a printing-office now, and you have told me already that you could earn more money if you were a proof-reader. If, after careful thought upon the subject, you should conclude that that is the nearest way to a larger income, and that it is an occupation which will add to your intellectual strength, then get the books and seek the help of friends and make yourself a first-class proof-reader at the earliest possible day. It will not do to look too far ahead into the details lest you be discouraged with the amount of work ahead, but the proof-reading thoroughly done will lead you naturally to the editor's chair, and the newspaper life is in itself one of the most magnificent universities ever established. As a reporter, editor, or correspondent, you would be continually educating yourself in the most useful and interesting affairs of human life, and would be fitting yourself every working hour for the authorship of good books. You would avail yourself of every opportunity in church life, in social life, and in political life to use your talents and knowledge in brief and carefully prepared addresses, all of which leads us directly to Congress, the United States Senate, to the high offices of industry and culture. That, while it at first seems visionary and improbable, is after all the usual course by which men achieve greatness in America. You should aim high



and keep the mark always in sight, but you should not waste time or strength in bemoaning the slowness of your progress or in foolish dreaming. Do the very next thing, and do it well."

### Drudgery a Necessity

*Question.* " But I must care for all my family, and the children must be given an education. It seems to be my duty to do the drudgery and stick by some humble occupation in order to make sure that my younger brothers will get the education which I have thus far failed to secure. The way to any position of honor or wealth seems blocked to them. We are really too poor to encourage them with the slightest hope of securing a business or professional education."

*Answer.* " It is not such a misfortune to be born poor. For nine-tenths of our wealthiest men in America and a larger proportion of our intellectual leaders were poor boys. A great majority of the most successful women in teaching, in authorship, in great reforms, in business, and in the most lovely home life have been poor girls whose best training was in the conquering of themselves and in the strength gained by self-sacrifice. It could truthfully be said of them all that it was a great good fortune to be born poor. Inherited wealth is so generally an injury to the recipient that the report of a rich man's death arouses a natural feeling of pity and

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anxiety for his heirs. Greatness cannot be thrust upon anybody, and the achievement of great influence or great wealth by oneself, starting without capital or friends, is of more satisfaction to the successful man than all the luxuries which his money can buy for him. The only unfortunate thing about the poor boy or girl in America now is in the pessimistic views which they take of life and their lack of courage to undertake the necessary work and study always required for real success."

*Question.* "I would like to ask you what you think is the best way to ascertain the bent of one's native genius? It is an easy matter to think of something one would like to be, provided he had great wealth and the talents of a great genius. My natural gifts seem to be very limited, and I am very far from being a genius. I am sure I fall far below the average. There is no use of my trying to fly without wings."

### **Do What You Can**

*Answer.* "Your idea is the same as that which has held back millions of young people from doing their best. You must not think of what you cannot do, but insist upon looking always at what you can do. You had better look back at your history and see what you have liked best to do from your earliest childhood, and you will probably find the best place or the best profession for you. If in your

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childhood you manufactured wagons and sleds, or struggled hard and long with evening puzzles; if you were an adept at the solving of riddles; if you loved hunting or planting, or drew pictures, in some of these ways you will find the best avenue for complete success.

“The inventor of the greatest modern improvement in the power-loom was a young man who was very skilful in jugglery, especially in keeping seven balls in the air at the same time. He visited the various departments of a great New England factory and studied where the skilful handling of his fingers would be of the most use. He then began to investigate where his talents could be used best for the improvement of machinery. He told the Commissioner of Patents one day in Washington that his thirty-two different patents had all been the result of trying to find out how he could use his fingers to accomplish the best results; and then how he could bring in machinery to supplement his manual skill. The probability is that in your life, as in the lives of thousands of other young men, there is some one gift which has been overlooked, or used only for sport, which will bring you the largest possible results in the investment of your life.”

### Develop Dormant Traits

“If you look on at an evening social gathering of young people in some city parlor or farmhouse

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kitchen, where the plays give the greatest liberty to physical and mental action, you will be surprised to see how some person you had thought to be very dull suddenly develops great mental acuteness in some direction. The great use of social plays is in the development of dormant traits of character which may be useful to the young people. You may often have seen some young man in the freedom of the evening party do the most difficult tricks, say the brightest things, and solve the hardest questions, who in after years became a mere drone in society because in actual life he ignored all those traits of especial genius.

“In such a case as yours there cannot be laid down any general rule, because each person differs from every other, and he is the only one who can estimate his own ability justly. It requires the utmost fairness in dealing with oneself to make an inventory without egotism or undue self-abasement. My advice would be for you to take a full week and think on what you are best fitted for, and if you are free to do that which you see would be the most effective for you, then begin in the smallest way and do the nearest thing to develop those special traits into lines of use which will make the product of your life salable or most imperatively demanded. There is some vacant place in the world which never will be occupied unless you take it. There is special work to be done which only one person is fitted

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to do best, and you are that person. If you cannot trust your own judgment, ask the advice of some frank and truthful friend, who will not be so affectionate as to mislead you with a desire to please you, and who will not be so envious as to have any motive for the prevention of your success. The advisers you need, however, will not necessarily be those who hold some high office, or who have any great reputation for wisdom. Some relative, or some employer, or some fellow workman, some teacher, or some pastor may be the best adapted for your case. Oftentimes one's own brothers or sisters are the best counselors in such cases. A mother can advise best concerning inherited traits of character, provided she does not bias her judgment by wishing you to be something higher or greater than she has any good reason to hope you could become.

“A great many of the most helpful geniuses of the world have been men and women who have chosen the wrong profession at first, and after seeing their mistake in the light of grievous failures, have turned back to the gifts of nature which they at first ignored. Great surgeons, great soldiers, great teachers, presidents of colleges, presidents of the United States, skilful ambassadors, honored judges, great inventors, and mighty leaders of men have very often been those individuals who at first tried to be something for which they were unfitted. Sometimes that is the only way to find out the best direction for

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one's peculiar mentality. To undertake the next thing and learn what not to do by doing it is a good method to gain wisdom in such matters. Do something, anyhow! Go ahead in some direction! There is no knowledge so valuable as experience, and book knowledge without experience is often a distressing pain. Don't be an educated fool! Don't be an omnivorous reader and an omnivorous shirk! Live a real life, and not one composed of valueless dreams. Get up early one week from today and start directly into something that seems to be worth while. Retain your common sense and keep within reasonable restrictions, but get out and do something! It will not be many weeks before you will discover, as a result of your experience, what is the best road for you to take to reach the destination of your highest ambitions. Never for an instant go back on your faith in success, and consider it to be your duty to your God to make the most of yourself for the benefit of humanity."

Alexander Douglas was a Scotch coal-heaver (I must pause here to ask the pardon of the successful and noble-spirited clergyman whose Christian life and potent influence for good has given a sweet taste to my life through these many years), and his appearance when he first came into the little room called the pastor's study, at Marvine and Berks streets, was a hopeless exhibition of undetermined



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ambition. He said that Davies had told him of the interview he had with the writer, and he wondered if there was any possible hope for a young man like him to be anything more than a dweller in coal dust. His hands and face were far more suggestive of the hot regions of Africa than of the heather-covered hills of Scotland, but his hair was consistent with the highland life.

The interview with Mr. Douglas I give as near as I can recall it, again asking his pardon for any errors which may be found therein.

### Lacked Opportunity

*Question.* “ Won’t you tell me why I have been so disappointed in America? My parents were led to believe that if they came, or if I came to America there would be opportunities in plenty to make more of myself than could be made in old, bigoted Scotland. And yet I do not know of any more hard and unpromising occupation than that of shoveling coal, and I have not been able to find any other employment. Of course, I am willing to shovel coal, as it is an honorable occupation and in it one earns an honest living, but I never wash my face after the day’s work without thinking how nice it would be to be white all the time. Why can’t I learn something and be worth more to the people than I am now?

“ Davies told me the other night that you said that any young man in America had an open door

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before him to greater things, and I have lain awake nearly all night and meditated on the matter all day, and I am unable to find anything."

*Answer.* "Tell me deliberately, and with open frankness, what you would like to be if you had everything laid out before you for your acceptance."

*Question.* "It was my parents' ambition, and it has been mine in my dreams, to be a preacher of the gospel—in some way a proclaimer of good for all the people. But I regret that that is utterly beyond the possibility of attainment. I have made up my mind that if by studying evenings or at the noon-hour I can do a little more than I am doing now, I will be content with that."

"I would like to have a place in the coal-office, where I will not be obliged to work so hard and fill my lungs so full of coal dust. This is what I want, namely, to earn a little more at some occupation which will give me time to study or read."

*Answer.* "If you can find some friend who understands bookkeeping and who can write shorthand, you had better apply yourself to that work and, as soon as possible, make yourself efficient in bookkeeping and stenography. There is always a place open to stenographers and bookkeepers. The market is never fully supplied with them."

*Question.* "But I do not know of any friend who is capable of teaching me, or who would be willing to do so without charging me more than I am

able to pay. When my board is paid each week, I have only three dollars and fifty cents left over toward my clothing and general expenses. I cannot afford to ride on the street-cars, and so am obliged to use up a great deal of time in walking to the store, to the post-office, or to the church. This old suit which I now have on is the best I have, and I sneak into church and sit in some back seat for fear people will notice me and regard me as a loafer.

“ But, somehow, I cannot give up the ambition to be a preacher. Yet, when I hear these evangelists speaking upon the street corners, and the Salvation Army in the streets, I cannot feel that I could go into such an occupation unless I had a better knowledge of the language than they seem to have, and more complete apprehension of the importance of the message to be delivered. I must know more before I can do more. Davies has started in with his books, and my dear friend, Mr. Hall, has done the same, and I am anxious that they should not get ahead of me. I am willing to go without my noon lunch, or to stay away from church, and save the money now spent on food and clothes if it is worth while to do so. Show me a glimmer of a chance and I will leap for it with all my strength.”

### Scottish Grit Needed

*Answer.* “ If you hold to that resolution, true to your Scotch grit, you cannot fail in reaching as high

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a place in the world's achievements as is ever gained by any person with your natural ability.

"When the door does not seem to be open, you should push it open. Get up, and push!

"I have made up my mind, since talking with several young men like you, to start an evening class for study, and try my best to assist each one to gain a little each day in his journey toward greater usefulness to the world. The class will be held every Tuesday and Saturday here in my study, and if I can interest friends who will work with me, we will arrange the classes for the young men who attend into sections suited to their grades of learning and do all that we can to give a start to each. So come into the meeting on Saturday night at eight o'clock, and come in your working clothes, remembering that you will be the equal of any who will be here; and then open your heart freely in the presence of the others, in stating what you would be if you could. In this land of America there must be some way of satisfying such ambitions, and the very existence of democratic liberty requires that such as you are should have an opportunity to discipline their minds and increase their knowledge. If you make up your mind irrevocably that you will be a preacher, and if you are willing to do the humble and small things in the beginning, and do them thoroughly, you will soon find the highway cleared for your advance. I cannot tell you how it will come to pass. I am no

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prophet with reference to details, but the history of America shows that many men have accomplished great things for the world whose beginnings were as hopeless as yours. You have good health; you have a Scotch inheritance; you have the disposition to be of use to your fellow men; and all that you seem to need is the opportunity to study. I will do the best I can to open that door for you, although the lack of means will be conspicuous."

### Natural Ability Great

"Your natural ability is an inheritance for which you should be thankful. And if to that you add culture and valuable learning, you will gain all there is to be gained in this life of ours. Do not hesitate; do not make excuses; do not allow any delay or disappointment to interfere for a moment with your settled, unshakable determination to have the education needful for a preacher of the gospel of righteousness.

"Go to the library and get a book containing the biography of some clergyman who, beginning in some peasant hut, has occupied a seat at the highest councils of the British empire. Read it carefully, considering his difficulties and yours, and follow the suggestions which his life will furnish. The lives of such men in America furnish so large a section of every library that you could hardly go amiss by putting your hand on the first volume you saw in the

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section of American biography, for it would probably be the history of some man who has shoveled coal for a living, or laid pavements in the street, or picked berries for his board. Give battle to untoward circumstances, and the greater the opposition, the greater must be your courage and your ambition. The way is open. Start in without an hour's delay. Go to the library tonight before it closes and hunt for some helpful, inspiring book, giving the history of some good and great and successful man. You will be surprised to find how much like him you are, and how similar are the battles you will have to win. But never surrender an inch of territory nor go back of the front line of your advance at any time. Be sure and know more tomorrow than you know today. If you show the right mettle and make sacrifices willingly, as a present investment for future use, you will find friends along the way who will gladly assist you over the difficult places. Come in and join the class."

This interview took place in 1884 between Miss Emily Norton Speer and the writer, while waiting in the railroad station in Philadelphia:

*Question.* "Can I get a recommendation to some firm in Philadelphia which will be willing to give me employment near enough to my home so that I can walk to and fro and save the street-car fare? I am doing work now for three dollars a



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week, but it is very hard to walk such a long distance, and my present employment is too wearisome to allow me to give much time to the housework when I get home at night. Mother's health is not good, and she can do none of the hard work, and father has been unfitted for bricklaying by an abscess in his hand caused by a rusty nail. Our family consists of father, mother, two boys, a younger sister, and myself."

*Answer.* "What kind of occupation do you expect to enter?"

*Question.* "I am at present working in the kitchen of a restaurant and doing generally rough work. I tried to do cooking, but I found I did not understand it well enough to cook for the public, and so accepted any place which they would give me. I do not know what to apply for, but suppose I must go from place to place and find what is open to such a girl as I am, for I have very little education and only a very limited experience."

*Answer.* "How old are you?"

### An Ambitious Girl

*Question.* "I am only sixteen years old, but the people all tell me that I am old for my years, and I have had to work either at home or for an old uncle since I was ten years old."

*Answer.* "I could not write a recommendation for you under these circumstances; because I could

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not honestly say to any employer that you would be worth the money which you must ask for wages. It seems to me that general housework or a place in some factory furnish the only hopeful outlook for you. But those places are crowded just now and the wages are very low."

*Question.* "There seems to be little hope for a woman in any position when she needs to earn money, and it looks to me as though every girl would have to get married or starve. Of course, there are many girls who have fathers to provide for them, and many others have mothers who are well and strong, but, situated as I am, there seems to be no place fitted for my hands."

### **Poverty Prevents Schooling**

"If I could have kept in school a few years longer I would have had a much better opportunity, but that was denied me because we were very poor. Father has always worked steadily and hard, and has never wasted his money in drink, but he will not be able to go back to his work as a mason, and he too must find some other occupation. He says he is broken-hearted to find that after all these years of hard work his girl will be obliged to be the principal bread-winner of the family.

"Can't you think of some place where I can work near home at something, no matter how hard it is; for some one of us must work or apply for city

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charity. I would not want to live if I were compelled to see my father and mother in an almshouse. Please try to find some place for me and give me a letter of introduction, for I will do the best I can not to disappoint the people to whom you recommend me. There surely must be some place for me."

About two weeks after the interview with Miss Speer, we met in the market, and she informed me that she had obtained a position in the railway station, cleaning certain rooms every morning, and that she was receiving for the work three dollars and ten cents a week. She said that the pay was, of course, very small for them to live upon, but it gave her all the hours after two o'clock in the afternoon to help about the housework at home, and sometimes to help her father, who had secured a newspaper route and was delivering an evening paper.

### Sought in Vain for Job

Two of my friends and myself made a diligent search among the business houses of the city to find some place where Miss Speer could earn more money, and our efforts were futile. A young woman without education was not wanted in any situation unless she would accept wages upon which it was impossible for even one person to live. Fortunately for Miss Speer that happened to be the result of our efforts, for it set us to thinking very seriously of the condition in which thousands of girls must find

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themselves in a great city, and awakened a very strong sympathy for such a class of persons who were willing to work and yet could find no profitable occupation. We found that if Miss Speer could attend some business college and fit herself for some office work or stenographic reporting, she would find employment at once. But there seemed to be no opportunity for her to secure such instruction, as it would take much of her time and the expense would be beyond her means.

A young woman to whom Miss Speer was introduced, and who had heard that she was in need of money, incidentally remarked that it might be there was something Miss Speer could do in a millinery store where the young woman worked. Miss Speer at once stated that she had always been anxious to learn the millinery trade, and had enjoyed very much making the hats for her mother and herself at home, and for the younger sister when she had the time and material. She said she had not yet been furnished with such material as she needed to make a first-class job of it, but she had succeeded so well with the simple materials they could buy, that many persons had told her that she ought to be in the millinery business.

### **To Learn Millinery**

This suggestion led the writer to visit a millinery store doing a large business on Chestnut Street,

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Philadelphia, where he told the circumstances and asked if some reasonable opportunity could not be given Miss Speer to learn the millinery trade. An arrangement was soon made, on terms that seemed very generous then, so that Miss Speer could work in the basement of the store and have an hour or two each day in which she could assist in the manufacturing department for the purpose of gaining experience as a milliner. She received four dollars and fifty cents a week, and was given a commission on any hats which were sold which she made up at her home evenings.

It was nearly a year after this opening opportunity when the following interview with her occurred. She may see, when she reads this article, that the writer has overlooked something, but it is as clear a statement as can be recalled after so many years. It has been very deeply impressed upon the writer's mind because of the great influence her example has had in bringing a practical education to thousands of needy young women.

*Question.* "Miss Speer, how have you prospered in your millinery undertaking?"

### **Began to Prosper**

*Answer.* "I am delighted with the occupation, and I have prospered so well that they have put me in the manufacturing department at twelve dollars a week, allowing me two hours in the afternoon in

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the salesroom to get experience for that position. My mother's health is not so good as it was a year ago, and my father has again been out of work, as he cannot use his right hand at all, but we are getting along very well on my wages, and the children are doing well in school. I still walk to my place of business, but I think the exercise has been good for my health. Since we have been getting a regular income all of us are much better. Of course, we are compelled to live very cheaply and use such food as we can purchase for the least money. But I have wished to see you to have a conference about my great ambition to be an artist.

“ Is it at all within a reasonable ambition for me to hope to paint pictures? I do not know why the idea grows in my mind, unless it is because I have been visiting the art-galleries and looking at the head-dress of characters in great paintings, and it does seem to me as though I have some strong talent in that direction. Grand pictures have a strong fascination for me, and it is difficult to tear myself away from the gallery when I am compelled to leave to return to the store. I have been reading some books upon art which were lent to me by a workman in the store, and it seems to me that one of the prerequisites to great success in the millinery business is to have an artistic temperament combined with a training in art. Do you think there is an opening for me in this direction? ”



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### Found Right Job at Last

*Question.* "It seems to me, Miss Speer, as though you had hit upon a bent of your genius which will give you a much larger income and greatly widen the enjoyment of your life. It is precisely the thing for you to do. Go on in the study of art and pursue a systematic course of reading and, if possible, attend some public lectures on the subject."

*Answer.* "I am very much encouraged by what you say, although I do not see any possibility of reaching such a height of success as that which you mention. But I am determined to do my best at it. It makes me very happy to have an anticipation of something so much better, and I can work easier through the day and so much later at night without injuring my health, for I have something worth while before me. Do you think that a woman has any opportunity to succeed as a painter or a sculptor?"

*Question.* "Of course, there have been many painters like Miss Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur who reached the highest station in sculpture and painting, but the road seems to be a very difficult one for a woman to travel. So many of the customs of modern life restrict a woman in any occupation except that of home-making that she must have a greater genius, greater perseverance, and even much more capital in order to compete with the men in the same occupation. But my advice would be that you

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should make millinery a special subject of your investigation, and that you should put into it the real artistic talent and education which you gain, because that is an art which is in daily demand and which in its influences upon the good of the human race is probably far more than that of any great picture-gallery. Can you not apply the principles which have guided the great artists to the dress of women and accomplish some great reform in taking the art of dress out of the realm of fancy and random guesses and making it a high, respectable art? It is a reform greatly needed and which I am sure would be welcomed by the greater number of women. It would be less expensive; it would be more beautiful; it would throw a general influence of culture upon all other occupations for women. Why not give up the idea of undertaking so difficult a task as that of oil painting or sculpture, and devote yourself to the needs of women like yourself who would enjoy art in dress and who naturally admire the beautiful in every place? ”

*Answer.* “ This conversation has opened up to me a new idea, and I think it would be a profitable one for the store to adopt, although I think it will be hard to get women to depart from the mere whims of passing fashion. But I am sure something can be done to introduce more art into the female dress, and I will do the best I can to put it into my life as a call from Providence.

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“Advise me where I can consult with men and women who would be willing to direct my investigations, and give me a list of books, if you can, in which I will find instruction. I am going home at once to put this idea into force, and from tonight I am going to see how much of the best in the works of the greatest artists can be put into actual practice in the wearing apparel of every-day life.”

In 1898 the writer met Miss Speer in Newark, N. J., and found that she had opened three stores of her own in three different cities, and that she was doing the largest millinery business of any woman in the country.

The writer has had no means of securing accurate financial information concerning her life, but it has been correctly reported, and the writer believes it is true, that her income for five years previous to 1898, above all expenses, was more than ten thousand dollars a year.

She studied evenings and at all spare hours read the best books she could find, and passed successfully through a series of the Chautauqua course of readings and became, with her home study, a most cultivated lady, welcomed in all ranks of wealth and culture as one of the first ladies of the land.

The writer often mentioned to young people, as he met them from day to day, the importance of securing an education which would increase their

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earning ability and enlarge their general usefulness. But the excuses which they gave were too many to recite in an article like this.

It is enough perhaps to say that the most usual excuses were: "I am too poor"; "I have headaches"; "I have no time"; "I must work too hard"; "I must work on my own clothes"; "I must have some time for recreation"; "I wish to go out with the boys"; "It is too hard for me to study"; "It would take my mind from my labor"; "I can use my money in some other way than in purchasing books"; "I like to sleep in the morning"; or "An education gotten by such hard work does not pay."

Those excuses made often by young men were the superficial ones; while, as a rule, the real reasons for their discouragement lay in unhappy associations at home, smoking cigarettes, the enticements of cheap shows, the dance-hall, corner loafing, the ridicule born of envy, or a general atmosphere of depression which has such a debilitating effect upon the youth among our working people.

### **Perseverance Needed**

Such a work as that of the Temple University could only be begun with a few unusually talented or unusually persevering young men who could decide for themselves and stand unmoved by the usual influences which incline young people to neglect im-

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portant duties. But these few young people were heroic pioneers. They builded for themselves, but, at the same time, builded for the larger needs of humanity. It is an infallible rule that he who does the best for himself is the one who does the best for his fellow man. The narrow selfishness which leads one to think only of himself is only suicidal, while the broader unselfishness which sees the needs of others and springs intuitively to their aid is after all the wisest selfishness. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you" may be stated, in other words, "Seek ye first the good of others, and all needed things for the attainment of your own true ambition will naturally follow your efforts." He whose life is a necessity to many people will naturally be the object of their special care.

The history of thirty-five years in this remarkable educational movement among the laboring classes shows a most surprising result in the fact that so few have ever fallen out after having once started in the attempt to secure practical instruction. The facts seem to confirm the assertion that with each step upward the student gets a wider view and more light, so that each evening spent in careful study gives greater encouragement for the attempt to make the next evening more instructive. The honest pursuit of education among the busy classes is one of the most fascinating sports in which people can engage.

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It is inspiring as well as fascinating. The cheaper shows of life fade before an increasing ambition for better things. Bad habits fall away, and in a few years the student looks back on himself with wonder and can hardly make himself believe that his present views, habits, and income have made such a great change in all his desires and usefulness.

Looking back upon it through the years brings up the ever-increasing changes, which, like a kaleidoscope, involve new shades and present new facets with every rising sun. To read over one's own diary and mark the names of the thousands who have come up into sight from the great flood of humanity where life was only a struggle for existence, and then to look over the record to see where they are now, bewilders and confuses because of the great contrast between what they were and what they are. The working girl with torn clothing traveling behind the loom, unable to read or write, is now in the most refined home, the mistress of the mansion, the mother of happy children, a leader in the benevolent movements of society, the wife of a public benefactor. The bell-boy traveling many stairs late at night, depending for the living of his family upon the fees which the boarders carelessly throw to him, is now the owner of the hotel, greatly enlarged, and pays honorable wages to all his help. The young man driving the ash-cart for the public contractor, unrecognizable because his features were hid in soot



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and dust, is now the vice-president of a large railroad company, sits at his massive desk in a magnificent office, and directs and controls the welfare of ten thousand employees. The schoolboy who left the grammar school because the needs of his home required the income of his labor, who could not dress well enough to attend church, and was seldom ever a looker-on at the evening dances of other young people, walked along the avenues of education until he found a place where he was welcomed as an associate in large agricultural enterprises, and now lives in the luxurious home which he occupies in Washington as a member of Congress. The young man who went to his work at five o'clock in the morning and was almost the only occupant of the street-car at that early hour, and who was so interested in his book that he was obliged to ask the conductor to notify him when he came to Market Street, is now the one-half owner of a great department store. A party of boys and girls who gathered at noontime for a little gossiping recreation while they partook of the meager lunch at the factory, are now nearly all of them teaching in the schools of the city, and four of such a party are now professors in two of our best colleges.

### **Forced to Save Money**

The students who sat for an hour at noon, or in the evening in the little room which was first occu-

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pied, who could not afford to purchase an umbrella to protect them from the rain, and were obliged to save carefully in order to secure a hair-cut or a clean collar, are many of them now professors, managers, or trustees of the Temple University itself. Even when one has lived through it all and had an opportunity to observe daily the progress of so many students, it is a great dream. One must stop and meditate long in order to be convinced of its reality. As into certain machines goes the rough log from the forest and out of them comes the completed tool ready for use, so into the movement went the crudest and most uncompromising material, and out of it came the strongest characters, the clearest minds, and the most practical public benefactors. It seems almost useless to recite it, as the reader can scarcely believe the facts, and yet the calm judgment of history will compel the seeker after truth in future years to admit that it was a strange feature of our civilization, but that its value and its influence were not overestimated.

It taught one great lesson which seems to be universally applicable, that there is no human being of normal growth who cannot be greatly improved by education. It also taught that the brain is capable of almost unlimited development, and that there are "mute inglorious Miltons" in almost every home, and that the history of nearly every life is the record of what a buried genius did not do.

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The powers of humanity are rarely used to their fullest extent and very few individuals comprehend what they might do if they used every vacant hour and wisely chose the best occupation.

One of the students of the University in his valedictory address stated with great emphasis, which won for him continued applause from the great audience, that "no matter how much a man may have accomplished in life, yet on looking back upon his history he must realize how far short he is coming of what he might have been. Really, any human mind and soul would be a magnificent thing if there had been no mistakes made, no moment neglected, and no real ambition hindered."

When this educational movement arose into the ranks of the clerks in the stores, railroads, public and professional offices, and found there a large class who could get more time for study, the work of the institution spread with great rapidity, and the managers were for a time overloaded with applications of students of every grade who had had more opportunities for school instruction than had the actual laborers in the factory and on the farm. And when at last, as a full University, teaching all the higher branches taught by the great universities, it opened an opportunity for old and young to secure the best education at a nominal price, then the doors were thrown wide open and from all directions and from all countries came seekers after the

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wisdom obtained in the halls of learning. It became impossible to supply all the needs expressed in those applications, and the great demand cannot yet be met with a reasonable supply for lack of money and lack of buildings. But the great problem of giving education to the industrious and busy people of the civilized land has been completely solved. An intelligent, conscientious people, who can rule themselves without a king, and without injustice, may be cultivated in almost any land by the means which the people always have at hand.

### **Help Also to Chinese**

The servant of a missionary's family in China works his way across the sea and finds employment in this city, and diligently uses his opportunity for study, then returns to his native land to be a clerk and later an official in the State Department of the nation.

A Japanese rice-farmer hears that he can earn his own living and secure the education which characterizes the cultured foreigners who visit his shore, and he takes the humblest place on shipboard to reach America. And after varied and sometimes painful experiences he graduates from the college course and returns to be the mayor of his native city.

The lumberman, working in the forests of western Canada, who has felt that his talents as well as the purpose of his creation could be better invested

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in some place where he could use his mind while he was using his bodily strength, saves money enough to pay his fare to Philadelphia. He appears at the doors of Temple University with less than two dollars in his pocket and with nowhere to lay his head. He finds in some small store or factory a place where it will be to the advantage of both parties for him to work only one-half the time in each day. Then he applies himself to study, reciting at the University at such hours in the forenoon, afternoon, or evening as will not interfere with his necessary labor, and he returns to the pioneer country from which he came to found large, new communities and build a fleet of ships.

The number of volumes it would require to give the details of the life of one hundred thousand students could not possibly be written, and it is easy to see that the lives of the second one hundred thousand now coming on will be more romantic than the lives of those who have left the institution. The great work of educating the masses of the common people has only just begun. But it has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of reasonable contradiction that the work can be done.

## II

### THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

Out of the past appear two remarkable faces, and the inspiration of the Temple University had its emphatic beginning with them. One was the face of a young laborer who was a fatherless boy, and who had earned his living from twelve years of age. However dignified and handsome he may be now, with his white hair, he was then a rough specimen of the crudest humanity. He came into the first class some months after it was opened, and the teacher kindly told him he could "come in and sit" while the recitations were going on.

He went to his work at three in the morning with a milk and vegetable wagon, and slept "when he could." His language was full of slang and the droll expressions he drove from his mouth were irresistibly laughable. He had saved up one hundred dollars and had sent money regularly to his mother out West. He was sensitively honest and apparently repaired his own clothes. He did not know what he would like to study, but "would like to come in with the boys and learn something." When the question arose concerning a text-book in grammar, he said his mother had one which had



been used by his deceased uncle who was a school-teacher. That uncle was the boy's perfect ideal. He had graduated from Yale College and had taught in a high school. So the new scholar wrote to his mother for his uncle's grammar. When it arrived and he proudly produced it at the evening class, the laughter was long and hilarious. It was a Latin grammar. The teacher settled the matter by exchanging the Latin grammar at Leary's second-hand book-store for an English grammar. But the face which remains so clearly in the foreground of memory was the gleaming countenance of that youth one evening after a month of study. He had not learned much nor had he shown in any way a hopeful capacity for intellectual achievement until that night.

### **Sounded Like a Joke**

Some kind neighbor who took a friendly interest in the "milkman's boy" told him that he should not have exchanged his uncle's Latin grammar, as he would need it for his own study ere long. It was not said as a joke, although it had that sound then. But that word of hope lifted the gate and let in a flood of power. He evidently had not been able to get away from the suggestion that he might some time be as learned as his uncle had been. He mentioned his regret that he had no education to a clerk in his employer's office and was carelessly told that

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“many men had learned from books after they were nineteen years old.” This led the ignorant youth to call on the teacher early in the evening to ask if there was a remote possibility for him to be a college graduate in book knowledge. When he was told decidedly that it could be done if he would make the sacrifice, he seemed dazed and went out the door with clenched hands and muttering to himself.

There are times when the religious leader sees a convert's flushed cheek and shining eyes after the conscious sinner turns suddenly around and decides to leave the path of sin and walk with God, and it is often described as “the face of an angel.” The change in that milk-boy's features and behavior was so like the fervor of the religious enthusiast that the teacher described it to his friends as a “new birth.” The youth's appearance when he entered the class the next evening was so changed that those who had seen him only once could easily be persuaded that it was not the same person. The eyes were darker, the forehead seemed higher, and the confidence of his step and other gestures all told in eloquent terms of the rise of a new ambition. It is said that he afterward sought for his uncle's Latin grammar, determined to master the same book as he went on to his uncle's scholastic skill. But some other seeker after wisdom had found the treasure and had taken it away.

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### **A Face to Remember**

That face! It was a creation above all art and beyond description. When he said "I will," it was said with an impelling eloquence which caused one to bow in reverence. Good cheer, latent power, beaming hope, and a masculine iron will were recognized as his companions. He had burst forth from the chrysalis of ignorance and hopelessness and felt that he could fly. A new creature! If his mother preserved the misspelled letter he must have written the next day it would be worth a frame in the gallery of historic curios. It leads one to speculate on the probability that millions of men remain undeveloped all their lives, and perhaps never know their power or glory till death bursts the shell.

That face! No one who saw it doubted the youth's success. All things work together for such a man. Men saw that he was coming and quickly gave him the right of way. Thousands of lives have changed as suddenly and completely since that day, and many faces have been transfigured with the same hope, but the first experience with such a demonstration is indelibly impressed on the observer's mind. It will not do yet to make invidious distinctions among so many heroic lives, yet the eldest son holds a peculiar place in the family, even if younger sons should be as gifted. The student whose face is here mentioned at once entered upon

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a career as a linguist and as a teacher, which clearly shows that the illumined face was a real prophecy. English and American institutions use his text-books now.

That other face, which is equally distinct and beautiful after thirty years of memory, was the face of a young working woman. She was doing some kind of unskilled labor in a large hat factory, and was sent by her boarding mistress on an errand to a scholar in the class. She listened to a recitation by one of the class and went away bewailing her fate. To be a woman without education, money, or friends is as hopeless a situation as can be found in a civilized land. Her traits of character remind one of a description of Mrs. Livermore, written for the *Boston Sunday Times* years ago by Doctor Curtis, now of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He wrote that she was "always pushing something, and a mule would finally move on before her." That characteristic distinguished the young, thin-chested, weak-voiced hat-factory girl. She came back to hear the original class in elocution, a few weeks later, and the theme for study and practice was an extract from the writing of Charlotte Brontë.

### **Cried Through the Night**

The factory girl was intensely interested, and after the class session asked the teacher for a copy of the recitation. She said afterward that she cried

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far into the night, thinking how ignorant and useless she was, and how there was no one in all the world who cared what she was or what she could be. But one evening she came to the class as a visitor, and was called out to recite by one of the students who worked with her at the factory. She trembled and choked as she began, but secured her self-possession by the time she reached the third verse in the poem entitled "Your Mission":

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
You can glean among the briars  
Growing rank against the wall;  
And it may be that the shadows  
Hide the heaviest wheat of all.

When the teacher complimented her on her natural talent, she answered, "My soul aches to write something like that!" When the teacher told her that she could write finer things than that if she would study, she said: "I don't seem to be able to think. I can push some one else, but I cannot do things myself."

### **Received Inspiration**

Later the factory girl read the life of Lucretia Mott, and laid down the book to hurry over to the teacher of elocution. She ran into the room agitated

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and breathless, and finally said, " I'm going to write books too! " The feeling that she could was the one special thing needful. She had come into real possession of herself. She began to study language and literature, and then added some of the college studies. One evening at the Horticultural Hall she was on the program to recite from Robert Burns, and the applause was hearty and long. She was greatly elated and clasped her instructor and wept great tears of joy. Her face was the face of a living soul. Such an hour repaid her well for all the meatless meals, the weary nights, and the hard study. Many such gleaming faces the instructors have seen since then, but when she beamed first the world was new. She was strong and healthy, and had a great talent with a great heart. Although she has been partly hidden by the golden-lined cloud of matrimony, yet she has written many helpful things for the public press, and is ever pushing others on to higher places and to nobler living.

### **The First Class**

It is difficult after thirty years to recall the details of the first year of actual work. The first class would not be called a class in a graded school. There were seven young men, and each one formed a class by himself. The condition of each often reminded us of the saying of Twain or Burdette that he " was always at the foot of the class, even when



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he was the only one in it." There were seven schools, seven recitations, and seven grades of lack of scholarship. But the attempts of each to recite furnished inspiration and information—and often amusement—to the other students. Ridiculous and curious blunders often awakened hilarious laughter, and often the discouraged face of the teacher "threw a coldness over the meeting." But the interest deepened and the determination became more firm with each rude session. The books brought in as text-books were often wholly unfitted for the mind and grade of the scholar. All of the men were disappointed to find that they must go back to first principles and proceed systematically along the lines of study pursued by young children. But their mature minds grasped the ideas quickly and thoroughly, so that a few weeks of study convinced them that they could conquer if they persevered.

### **Were Weary at Night**

They were all severe toilers who were always extremely weary at night. They were compelled to lash their minds into action for several months. Not until they had progressed enough to make the evening study a real recreation could they enjoy their school hours. But the time soon came, as it does to every adult student, when the alternation in work between muscular labor and mental application

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made each a restful change. Vigorous labor and interesting study make strong, healthy, happy men and women. The man who is exclusively a farmer or mechanic finds his chief delight in mental games or other intellectual amusements, and the scholar seeks the farm or shop to give his muscles recreation and his mind a rest. Either extreme makes a one-sided man. But the man whose physical system is obedient and strong and whose mind is alert and comprehending, is the best specimen of perfected humanity. The healthful foundation laid by the busy boy on the farm or in the factory is the very best beginning for intellectual achievement.

### **Their Minds Undeveloped**

Those seven young men had toiled hard and long and had muscles of steel and could digest the toughest food. But their minds which were capable of the same usefulness, were undeveloped. They realized the fact, and unreservedly confessed their lack, and took hold honestly and manfully to do healthy mental work. In an essay written by one who was a factory hand, he said, "A strong body, a clear mind, a pure character make a triune man, which is the highest expression on earth of the Triune God." That thought has ever since been the goal of the Temple University. "Three men in one" make the completed ideal of the Temple courses of instruction. As soon as those seven saw

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the rewards of victory they entered the battle with elated hearts. But even then they builded better than they knew. The extremest imagination could not picture what they accomplished for the world by honestly laboring to make the most of themselves.

The methods which those students adopted for study are so commonplace and usual now that only the curious ask how it was done. One of them carried a grammar and an arithmetic in his pocket. He studied during his lunch hour while he was eating, and whenever he was in a street-car or on the steam railroad train, he had his book in his hand.

### III

## THE HARDEST TASK

It took ten years of incessant hard work, and thousands of dollars of hard-earned money to overcome the ingrained idea prevalent among the people that it was not possible for the poor American boy to get as thorough and as comprehensive an education as was obtained by the sons of the rich. The most insurmountable opposition to our work came from the reputation of charity schools, Y. M. C. A. evening classes. They had not aimed at high-grade instruction and had necessarily confined their teaching to primary books, and they often were primitive, inexperienced, or careless in their methods. Students attended when they conveniently could, took one lesson or more, and the larger portion of the classes never tried to complete any text-book. Those classes did much good and should not be discontinued where it is impossible to do more efficient or more complete work. But the state of public opinion concerning evening schools made attendance on them a confession that the students were objects of charity and that the instruction was voluntary and weak.

The scholars did not expect first-class instruction and undervalued the work at all times. Therefore

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we found there were three foes stubbornly working together to overthrow our efforts to establish a high-grade institution for the industrious poor. The young people themselves felt it a humiliation to attend a college with any evening classes, and all established institutions and public schools looked upon the claim by our college to do high-grade work as a hypocritical pretense. We were associated in the minds of educators and editors with a great number of sham evening institutions, which taught anything and sold unauthorized diplomas and degrees. Then too the well-equipped teachers of accredited schools and colleges feared the loss of standing among the teaching profession if they accepted a chair in our experimental institution. Thousands of our most gifted young men borrowed the money to go elsewhere to get the same instruction which they could obtain at home at no expense.

### **College Exclusiveness**

The autocratic notions which were insinuating themselves dangerously into American college societies before this great war awoke again the patriotic fever of the people, were making the old colleges more aristocratic and creating a kind of college exclusiveness which looked down on the less-favored common people. An actual effort was made by influential bodies to make the number of hours a scholar had spent at an accredited college

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the only test of his fitness for a profession. The real merit of a scholar's ability or knowledge was not tested by what he actually knew or on an examination into what he could do, but if he had paid his tuition at one of those older colleges and had stayed about the place for four years he was acceptable to the aristocracy unconsciously growing into power. The States and the nation fell into the un-American trap and refused often to help institutions because it was clear that those institutions needed help. "Give only to the rich" was openly advocated in reference to educational work. The movement had no leader but was an insidious, dangerous, undemocratic tendency. The rich and the educated were in collusion to keep down the poor, and to create an American peasant class, and to make impassable the gulf between the aristocracy and the laboring classes.

### **As to "Conwell's Folly"**

We began our work by raising the money to pay the teachers and giving all instruction free. We had crowded classrooms at the opening of the year, and hardly a dozen were left to take the examination at the end of the year. We began with lectures and blackboard illustrations, leaving the amount of actual learning largely to the student. Some learned much and were ashamed of the associates; some learned a little; while the majority dropped out or



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went away to colleges where the high tuition eliminated the most needy class. Deserted, defeated, money wasted, the press ridiculing "short-cut" schools, and our best friends unable to believe we could succeed, we went home at midnight in tears. If we could find now the placard in red which some "funning" critic pasted on the door of our first schoolroom on Marvine Street, glaring at the passer-by and declaring "Conwell's Folly," there are many among our alumni who would gladly give one thousand dollars for it.

### **Church Missed Its Chance**

The means which made the University an out-and-out nonsectarian college have not been understood, and the history of that time may show important lessons for the aid of others in distress. The need of some kind of public recognition was so apparent to all that the workers all felt that, as the school had been opened in a Baptist church building and was taught by Baptist teachers, the natural and necessary procedure was to call a council of Baptist churches, and offer to the church the control and ownership of the school. But the overconfident and overhopeful school-teachers suffered a reverse which drove away the weak, but made the remnant stronger. The most influential members of the council, when it met in 1890, opposed the whole scheme as visionary, wasteful, and "too secu-

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lar." They thought the calling together of such an august body of learned theologians for the insignificant purpose of discussing a school for laboring men was an impertinence that should not be repeated. The only vote we recall was the vote to adjourn.

The Grace Baptist Church, after the other council had been somewhat forgotten, did have the assurance to call another council of the Baptist denomination in Philadelphia when the church had opened the Samaritan Hospital on North Broad Street. The church and pastor felt that it was a great and pleasant duty to convey the growing hospital to the entire church body, and no one thought of getting anything but thanks for the offer. But through the light of the years that council now looks like "a screaming burlesque." The "wise and learned," especially those connected with other hospitals and other schools of medicine, were opposed to the hospital before the council was called to order. There was a discussion of the trustworthiness of the theory whether the Saviour had authorized the church on earth "to heal the sick and teach the ignorant." But all were strongly advised to "stick to the gospel"; although, strangely, no definition was attempted as to what "the gospel" was. They voted down the proposition to accept the hospital as a gift; and the hospital association was compelled to organize as an undenominational corporation, and finally to unite with Tem-

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ple University as a part of the medical college department.

### **Governor Beaver Calls**

It was in those discouraging days that a young man, Mr. Marion Roberts, failed in his examination in mathematics, and his indignant father demanded a diploma. But the young man would not encourage the idea of any unfairness and applied to Governor Beaver, of Bellefonte, Pa., to use his influence in favor of a reexamination. Governor Beaver made a personal visit to the schoolrooms, and afterward wrote a personal letter to the president of the college, of which the following is an extract:

I would be glad to hear that young Roberts can be re-examined. But I must decidedly affirm my belief in the wisdom of holding up your standard for graduation firmly, until people fully recognize that you do first-class work. It will be a damage to the cause of education and to your school if you let scholars pass below the standards of our best colleges. Hold it up till your students will themselves be the best recommendations of your school.

That wise advice of that noble man, called by President McKinley "one of the world's finest," had a powerful effect upon faculty and students and became the fixed policy of the University.

## IV

### RECOGNITION WON

In 1895 the Temple College moved out with full force into its great work for the education of the common people. In that year the full college course was established, the new building on North Broad Street was completed, and the academies were opened. It was soon seen by the management that the plan was an excellent one, but that the means were lacking to finance so large an undertaking. The city had not then opened any evening public schools, and it required the experience of the Temple College to persuade the conservative city administration that it was wise to recognize the necessity of such schools.

The Temple academies were opened as evening schools in different parts of the city to act as feeders for the college, and any person of any grade was received. From the start they were successful in reaching the people. The tuition was very low, and the courses of study carefully graded. Good teachers came forward and labored faithfully at small compensation. But the crowds of eager students from the factories and stores clogged the way with numbers which could not be cared for. The

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rent of halls, the books, apparatus, furniture, light, and heat presented an appalling figure to the penniless corporation, and while the experience brought about the opening of the city evening schools, it left Temple College with a most dangerous debt. Some enthusiastic friends gave all their property to enable the college honorably to draw out of the academies and pay all bills. It was one of those periods of sacrifice and strain which seem to find their place in all new enterprises for the good of mankind. At one time the weak institution was teaching over six thousand seven hundred pupils.

### **Curriculum Changed**

That experience led to a decided reaction and wrought a great change in the curriculum. It was seen that the number of students must be limited by the elimination of the lower grades which the public schools might supply. The need which no other institution could supply was seen to be among the clerks, operatives, and day-laborers who were too poor to continue at school after reaching the entrance to the high school. To all such a college education was denied. They could not get away from work or pay the expenses of university courses. To them we must go with a helping hand. Thousands of foreigners were coming to the city, to whom it was a patriotic Christian duty to go with American education.

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Unless those classes could be educated further, the wealthy classes alone would form an educational aristocracy dangerous to our American democracy. Seeing that special need and the open door, the trustees of Temple College moved into the field without hesitation. The tuition-fees were established on a reasonable basis, the faculty was carefully selected, all denominations and several races were placed on the teaching force. The trustees were selected from patriotic citizens, representing almost every denomination and many kinds of business. Bonds were issued in small amounts to fund the large indebtedness at reasonable rates of interest, and they were all eagerly subscribed for before the bonds were ready for delivery. The full college course and the university professional schools were open to any industrious laboring man of Philadelphia. But it took years of work and good success to persuade the public that it could be done. Nothing but the actual sight of the successful alumni could convince the skeptical graduates of our older colleges. The people would not believe until they saw it done many times. But those early graduates who had the health and genius to endure and study, who used the morning sun and the midnight lamps, were of a stock which makes heroes and scholars. They are the best possible advertisement of the college. In factories, banks, courts, faculties, Legislature, and Congress they were recognized as





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strong, able men of high principles. The laboring man "saw the light."

### Wins Recognition at Last

The slow recognition of the University by other institutions and by other countries was as amusing as it was ridiculous. Soon after the State authorized the University to confer the usual college and university degrees, a celebrated American author recommended a well-known English preacher as a suitable candidate for the degree of doctor of divinity. The trustees and faculty of the University were very conservative in such matters and hesitated to assume that such an honor would be acceptable from so young and unknown an institution. But a full, signed petition from England and letters from several prominent Americans led the boards to confer the degree. The diploma was accepted, and the hearty letter of thanks was filed in the archives of the University. But in a few months some enemy of our English friend published a statement that he was using a "fake" degree from some American swindler, who sold degrees for money. There must have been a cyclone in the little social circle if the number of letters received about it are a safe indication. The Government at Washington was appealed to for information about the University. Our English friend became alarmed and hastily declined the honor which he had accepted.

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The amusing incident made much gossip, but aided the University greatly. Before the next meeting of the boards of the University the United States State Department had notified our ambassador to England that the Temple University was a legal, honorable, and legitimate corporation, doing a "noble work," and so our English friend decided to keep the degree and "lived happily ever after."

### **Right to Confer Degrees**

When it became known that the Temple University had the authority to confer university degrees there was a rush of candidates for the honors from almost every country on earth. Pastors of village churches, school-teachers, uneducated doctors, ignorant men of wealth, politicians, authors, and professors eagerly sought distinction, in some cases offering "to send check on presentation of the bill." In one case an affectionate uncle of great wealth made an almost unbelievable offer of money if the University would give his nephew an honorary degree, as the nephew had been expelled from a college in the West. But the University boards refused every application and declared that because the college was new and because so many of such institutions let down the standards of scholarship as a "concession to the poor," they would hold the requirements higher and insist on the best work and the highest marks. That policy, so rigidly pursued,

## *RECOGNITION WON*

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caused sad hearts at first among those who hoped for favors, but it raised the respect for the institution and made the students feel it to be praiseworthy to attend it.

But the plan of the College and University to give a thorough university training to the busy people brought in an entirely unexpected class. There were many sons of wealthy men who could not be spared from the father's office, or who had inherited a business, who availed themselves of the opportunity for systematic study in the higher branches. Some had made preparation for college, some had left college in the middle of the course. Others for various reasons could not leave home for so long a period as a university course would require. So that the institution which was founded for the poor soon became a university for all classes. It was a case of evolution—a potent principle making use of its environment.

## V

### THE TEACHERS OF TEMPLE

The teaching force of the University has never been a hireling ministry. In the earliest years the instructors were all volunteers and were all engaged in some other regular occupation during the working hours of steady employment. They were a company of self-sacrificing philanthropists and sought the work of teaching in the evening school, at Berks and Marvine streets, as a matter of sentiment. They loved to do good. It would be dull reading to copy from the catalogue the names of all the deserving workers who taught the classes without pay. Some refused the pay offered to them even after the faculty was all placed on the salary list. And now the teaching staff is composed almost entirely of women and men who could earn elsewhere more than they receive from the University. One of that noble company wrote to the president a few months ago that his pay "was ample," although he was offered elsewhere double the amount he was receiving from the University. He said that the work there "widened his vision" of life, "deepened his appreciation of his daily blessings," and filled his heart "with a fulness of satisfaction,"



## *THE TEACHERS OF TEMPLE*

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which no amount of salary elsewhere could purchase. The faculty has been a most congenial company of clean souls, whose companionship has been a priceless treasure. A heart filled with the purest love, with a mind clear and electrically sensitive, makes a friend a valuable acquisition which the United States Treasury could not purchase at the face value.

But among this company of persistent, patient, talented teachers there has been one laborer whose work has been so exceptional and so long that none can regard it to be out of place to make special mention of it, as a sample of the characters who have composed the active faculty of the University. The record of the twenty-five years of service which Dean Laura H. Carnell, Litt. D., has given to the University could not be tabulated or approximately estimated. It has been the life labor of a martyr. Endowed with superb health, a tireless mind, and in many respects a genius, she gave up all other ambitions or desires, and devoted herself to the philanthropy of the college with a self-abnegation and a success that seems unreal. Her wide and close reading, her general culture and mental power of concentration were as remarkable as was her gift of homely common sense. She was a leader in new enterprises and a careful business manager, who knew the cost of nearly everything used in the college and who knew every student's name.

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She could give in a sentence a clear analysis of each student's character and capacity, and has been an accurate and comprehensive encyclopedia of nearly everything educational in America, and specially of all things in and about Temple University. While she has seemed to get time for large duties for educational clubs, and for the city and for the State, she has given close, never-ceasing attention to the University every day and every evening for a quarter of a century; always at work the first in the morning, the last to leave at night, and her place at the dining-table often left vacant. Every one from the coal-heaver to the president went to her for trustworthy information. Workers around her have felt a superstitious awe as they marveled at the frictionless machinery of her system running at highest speed year after year, sixteen hours a day. Without praise, with small pay, no recreation, and no recognition, she sped on with no thought of honors or fortune. When at one of the important annual meetings of the University corporation the dean's report was read, containing so much information and so many practical suggestions for the future, one of the trustees remarked about Doctor Carnell's lack of self-laudation, saying little about all her own unostentatious but vital work, "That is the woman of it!" It is an illustration of the great power and value of a woman's influence and toil, going through years unnoted and unrequited. It would be unwise

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to state that Dean Carnell has lived through all that toil without reward. For thousands of men and women who have risen from the ranks of poverty to intelligence, comfort, and even affluence, love her now; and generations will rise up to call her blessed. Out of such sacrifices and consecrated devotion came the present University. Such has been the history of other great institutions. They had their "Martyr Age," and persons unknown to history sacrificed all to keep them alive. Our standard University of Pennsylvania, which now appears in the front line of the great universities of the world, had its periods of doubt and poverty, and a few of the unrecorded great souls saved the life of the institution at the cost of their own. Great reforms, great nations, and great benefactions have been made possible by "the woman of it," where men and women, asking for nothing for themselves, gave all to maintain the glorious cause or state which now parades its happy armies over their unknown graves.

The professional schools of Temple University were each the outgrowth of an independent idea and originated in some well-known need. Lawyers were too busy to give instruction in the theory of common law to the clerks who intended to enter the profession. Attendance upon law-schools where theory without practice was exclusively taught, was not advisable even where it was possible. The fully

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equipped lawyer must have both theory and experience. That idea was suggested to the management, and a dozen noble attorneys offered to teach in an evening law-school.

The successful dentists in whose offices the young students of dentistry sought employment were too closely engaged in their offices to find time to act as teachers of the expanding sciences connected vitally with dental surgery. So there came an imperative demand for more complete school training, where theory could be put into instructive practice every day. Then came the Philadelphia Dental College, one of the two oldest dental colleges in the world, and asked the Temple University to adopt that successful institution. The results of the amalgamation have proved the wisdom of that action.

Then the physicians of the city felt that their office instruction to the medical students under their care was too meager to keep pace with the many changes and many experimental enterprises of the modern practitioner. So they asked for an evening school of medicine which would instruct the students at night in the science they actually practised by day. The call was answered, and through the years then devoted to evening instruction, many of the leading physicians and medical professors of today graduated with most honorable records. When, however, the aristocratic sentiment among the older medical colleges led the American medical associa-

## *THE TEACHERS OF TEMPLE*

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tions to decry the idea of any new colleges and set their disapproval and boycott on all evening medical schools, the Temple was forced to abandon for the time one of its greatest benefactions and, giving up evening instruction, try to help what it could as an exclusively day college. The manifestly unfair refusal to let any man into the profession who had not spent a certain established number of hours in some "recognized" day medical college was adopted, to the great harm of the general profession. The action shut out those who knew the most about the science of medicine and refused even examination to men who had the very highest qualifications for the profession. Such a foolish and unjust discrimination against talent, skill, and industry cannot long exist in a free land.

Then the advances in chemical research and invention demanded educated druggists, and experimenters in the manufactories, architects, carpenters, and importers, railways, ship-builders, farmers, home-makers, and street-pavers found that their employees must have special instruction in order to compete with their neighbors in this and other nations. Everywhere the call for some useful education to aid in the daily toil of the people was loud and sincere. Into that duty the Temple College rushed with promptness and care.

The raising of the standards of education in all the public schools, academies, and colleges of

## HISTORY OF TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

America, which went up by leaps, made the demand for more cultured and more skilled teachers most imperative. Thousands of the finest men and women teachers saw that they must be dismissed unless they could keep up with the advancing demands. To them the Temple opened the complete college course and a thorough teacher's college instruction, and thousands of the best teachers were saved to the schools and to themselves. The normal-school courses became exceedingly popular and useful. Then came the eager multitude of women to study household science and home art, then came the classes of men and women who foresaw the call in all States for thoroughly equipped teachers of music in the public schools and colleges; and the unselfish and most successful musical artists offered their services as professors in the Normal College of Music. Then, with many other of the men and enterprises which cannot be enumerated here, came the Samaritan Hospital Corporation, and following it the Garretson Hospital Corporation, and they were accepted as a part of the Temple University.

The romantic and surprising career of the Samaritan Hospital, from two rented rooms and with no endowment, growing rapidly, until the State came to its support because of its vital benefits to the people, is a great surprise to many. It arose like an unreal dream. The many thousands who have been healed there testify hourly to its recognition among



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the best in the land. The Garretson, as an emergency hospital, open day and night among one of the most congested manufacturing districts, is busy nearly all the time with wounded men and women.

In 1891 the greatest movement for the education of the common people came when a little plain circular was mailed from Temple College to the small shops and stores in the city, asking the proprietors to cooperate with the college in this public benefaction. The circular asked for positions for students where they could work half-time for half-pay. As such ambitious and intelligent young men and women make the most trustworthy and profitable employees, their employers have the double satisfaction of doing a clearly good deed and securing the best service. Many of the shops and small stores needed help only in the afternoon or evening. Account-books could be posted in the evenings, or customers came only in the afternoon or evenings, or some parts of the manufacturing needed special hands in the morning or when loading and unloading were going on. That discovery was a mine of great value. Thenceforth any industrious lad, girl, man, or woman could find sufficient work to pay board, tuition, and to supply plain clothes, while study was a restful change from physical exercise.

For seventeen years the tide of students has flowed in, without a single failure to find employment for the student's maintenance. In many of our great

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factories and large mercantile warehouses there are now many managers and partners who entered there as Temple students. On the boards of trustees of Temple and of other universities now are men of wealth who once worked half the day in some office, store, factory, or business while they studied faithfully the other half of the day. Some day the Temple University will be fully endowed by the gifts of its successful alumni.

## VI

### “THE MOST UNSATISFACTORY PROFESSION”

We visited a large factory in 1894 for the purpose of getting the proprietor's permission allowing the foreman to arrange for a shorter day for two young men who needed more time for college study. The young men were specially gifted for chemical research, and the factory employed a strong force for that department of its work. Each of the older workmen in that branch were experienced chemists and received high wages. The two students were anxious to learn the business, and in the evening school had shown capacity for that special work.

The proprietor was a man of strong will and deep sympathies, and he held a high place among Philadelphia's most successful men. When we told him how the students at the University had increased their earning capacity one hundred per cent. with each year's study, and argued that the two hours a day which those two students needed would make them doubly valuable in money to the factory and more profitable in money to themselves, he became impatient and gruffly said that seeking money was “the most unsatisfactory profession in the world.”

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He declared that he had tried it and had succeeded in securing money; but said he, "There is nothing in it!" Then he pointed to one of his stenographers at one of the long row of desks, and remarked:

That girl has been at the Temple College two years, and she has a book in her dinner-basket which she was reading before the factory started up this morning. I looked at the book, and it had nothing for me. But she is fascinated by it. When I laid down the book I told her that I would trade this factory "for the ability to appreciate that book" as she could.

### **Welcomed with Smile**

Then the proprietor took his hat and insisted that we should go with him to a narrow street only one block away. There he took us into several little homes among the poor people, and he was everywhere welcomed with smiles and excuses, as they were the homes of his employees. There was but little of the home comforts, and no luxuries. The people lived only to exist. No decorations, no art, no embroidery, only planed board, soap, and water. There were no books, no magazines, no engravings, no flowers. Yet the families seemed to have leisure and were in a large measure content. They wore patched clothes without shame, and ate coarse food with enjoyment and digestion.

When we returned to the factory the proprietor angrily threw down his hat and shouted at us:

## "UNSATISFACTORY PROFESSION"

What those people need is not money, but brain expansion! They must appreciate more! They must be open-hearted to more enjoyment of life. The right kind of education is worth a thousand times more than money. What do I get out of this? It is a slave's life. I am in their class. I can buy things, but I would be the same ignorant man if my house was solid gold and my factory was built of silver and pearls. I am ashamed to talk to that girl over there. She is really much richer than I am! What a curse is ignorance! A man who earns a dollar must grow up to it.

### **The Worse for Money**

There is a workman out by the door now carrying out that box. All he would do with another dollar would be to drink more beer. I have made Christmas presents to the laborers on some job, and watched them spend it. They almost to a man were the worse for the present. I, myself, am left ignorant and dull by my business cares; and I go through a beautiful world seeing nothing. I sent one of my men, who is sick, a lot of dainties, fruit, and confectionery. But I was a dunce. What he needed most was an appetite. He could eat nothing. He needed most to be hungry. If I could have made him hungry with a healthy appetite, a piece of corn bread would have been greatly enjoyed. My soul is in a shell of ignorance. I can't get out or see out! What do I know about chemistry? I know just enough to go on with my business and no more. A neighbor's boy has a collection of crystals he has collected, and he is happy all through, as he tries to explain to me how they are made. He has opened an avenue into his being over which come to him trainloads of joy which I cannot take in. There is no use in talking to me about the money value of education. I won't help with a dollar; nor encourage any man or woman

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to seek that kind of instruction. When you train a young man to open up his soul to the influences and facts of real life, when you show him how to appreciate more the things he already possesses, you may come and I will open up the whole factory to you and give any employee any needed time, and won't ask for a cent for myself!

### **For the Light has Come!**

As we walked back to the University a devout Hebrew friend quoted the prophet Isaiah: "Arise and shine! for thy light is come!" That conversation is recorded here with a sincere effort to be as accurately literal as possible. That saintly manufacturer has gone on the long journey, and his body rests in the purest marble. No one envies him the costly tomb or doubts that he received a glad reception at the End of the Trail.

The Temple University undertook to give to the employees of that factory, among many others, the kind of education which the manufacturer had described. Of course, the instruction obtained by them did greatly increase their income and aided the company to increase largely the profits from the business. But the results of real education could not be measured by money.

### **An Example of Goodness**

The picture of that Philadelphia factory and its employees, described by Congressman Lamar in an address made in Music Hall, Boston, March 8,



## "UNSATISFACTORY PROFESSION"

1899, gave a graphic and truthful statement, which ought to have been preserved in stenographic accuracy both for its facts and for its beauty of diction. But here only an inadequate condensation can be given:

Such a modest but energetic example of true goodness of heart among our leading manufacturers is an inspiration to all classes and is an outstanding honor to our nation. That noble manufacturer took a personal interest in the welfare of his great company of employees. He gave himself and his business for the practical education of all the men, women, and children of his "beloved labor family." He encouraged all to get a useful education. Many of his employees attended the Temple College, of Philadelphia, which is a specially conducted institution for the higher education of the industrious classes. That college should be duplicated at once in all our cities. When a committee of Congress visited that great manufacturing plant we found an intelligent, happy community. There was a public opinion strong and permanent among the employees in favor of the best work and the greatest efficiency. There was an atmosphere of homeness and cheerful ambition, difficult to put into spoken language. The factory was intensely busy. Each workman knew his work and his place, and they greeted each other with hearty good-will as they passed by in their work. There were evening concerts, debates, and home theatricals at the factory several evenings in the week and an undenominational Sunday school on Sunday.

### **Amusement at Noon Hour**

The noon hours were often used for amusements and instruction, where the employees could enjoy the perform-

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ances while they ate their lunch. But the thing which impressed the committee most was a visit made unannounced to many of the workmen's homes near the factory. The dresses of the mothers and children were neat, substantial, and daintily trimmed, without gaudiness or useless expense; the humble homes were tidy, plain, and sanitary; the faces were expressive of ambition, hope, health, and satisfaction. A rose in the window, a window-box, a lovely picture on the wall, good books on the table, periodicals in a home-made rack, the clean wall-paper, the bright kitchen and dining-room furniture—all advertised the uses of education. None was costly, but substantial and graceful.

The Bible lay on the bureaus and mottoes were on the walls of sleeping-rooms. The intelligence of the whole family was apparent in their politeness and hospitality. They were, when taken all in all, the happiest laboring community we have ever seen. The encouragement of the proprietors in the efforts of the employees to use their spare hours to get a useful education was the principal factor in this remarkable development. The language of those people was clean, clear, and expressive. All seemed intent on learning something worth while. Even the sick read or heard read the best books. That experience is rare, but it should not be so in America. The best education enlarges the mental vision, purifies the heart, while it trains the hands. When all the people get that spirit, Americans will surely enjoy the freedom which was the ideal of Washington, Jefferson, and Adams.

That statesman was a close observer and fully appreciated the "Temple Idea."

## VII

### GIFTS THAT NEVER CAME

“Were there no dark days?” Oh, yes, many of them. But looking back they appear now to be a necessary background or artistic contrast. It was good for us that we bore the burden in our youth. Faith in the merit of the work and in the ultimate triumph of good kept the workers from being utterly cast down. There was a need of money—a crying, desperate need. And while we cannot emphasize too much that education which is worth more than a great fortune, yet while food and attire must be purchased, and a shelter be provided for our little ones, we must not despise money. Many thousands of Temple’s best scholars were compelled at first to study some branch which would help them to the necessities of life. The practical business courses were a necessary preliminary to the entrance into the so-called higher courses. It was discouraging to have so many of our students limit their education to the money standard. An advance of fifteen or twenty dollars a week would often lead them to give up their ambition for the higher places and the accompanying broad culture.

But the question of money was always in our

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own thoughts, and we could not blame them. The college was continually overrunning its normal income and special gifts were dreadfully uncertain. The opening of the full college course in arts and sciences was a fair illustration of the dangerous risks the institution had to assume in order to advance. The full college grade opened with one student, for whom there was, of course, provided the same complete faculty as would be necessary for a class of one hundred. The expense was alarming, and it required an almost reckless stubbornness to go on with so little tuition and no other income. Going into debt every day at such a rate was a disheartening experience itself. But the worst experience was the unrest in the faculty, who considered the venture a ridiculous failure, and felt that its fall would injure their standing. But "necessity is the mother of invention," and it is now clear that we would never have studied so closely the needs of the people and would have gone on much less effectively if we had begun with ample funds and large buildings. The tree grows best which adapts itself most fully to the conditions of its environment. The college was compelled to consider carefully the dispositions and hindrances of the prospective students and go to them, in order to help them. The most of them could not buy costly clothing, nor join expensive clubs. Their pride would hinder their attendance on classes with the rich. Their leisure hours were

## *GIFTS THAT NEVER CAME*

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few, and their recitations must be adjusted to their labor conditions. But two or three students from other more distant institutions were found to join the one lone student and then the class went on with the regular course copied from the curriculum of Princeton and Yale. The great expense above the low tuition brought the friends of the college into frequent and anxious consultations. The attempt was made to raise a few scholarships of one thousand dollars each. But while several gifts were made by personal friends of the management, the donors refused to have it known that they considered it any honor to subscribe for a "scholarship."

The idea was laughed at as a foolish and egotistical assumption of college names. While now eager students apply years in advance for the scholarships and often accompany their applications with a petition signed by legislators, judges, and noted men, yet then the giving of the first full college diplomas was to the public a burlesque. But it was heart-breaking to the workers and led many to forsake the labor. But here and there when the needs seemed beyond supply some unknown woman or personal friend would send in a check or leave the college a gift in his or her will. There were no large donations in the first thirty years of the college life. But the most crushing experience in all those years of work was in connection with expected

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gifts which the college never secured. One liberal citizen who had endowed another college promised that he would leave Temple fifty-five thousand dollars in his will and consulted often with the president of the college about the form of the bequest. But when he died it was found that the will containing the donation to Temple had been ready for the donor's signature for some time but accidentally had not been signed.

In another case the head of the great city street-car system promised the president and confirmed the generous offer before a committee of the trustees, who called at his Broad Street home, that he would give twenty-five thousand dollars within a few days. He told the president shortly before his death that he had arranged to send his check at the declaration of the next annual dividend of the trolley corporation. He died suddenly, and the widow and heirs declined to recognize or pay the donation out of the many millions he left to them. A more sad heart could scarcely be found in the city than the college president's heart when that loss was finally apparent. He had borrowed money for necessities on the strength of that promise, and poor men afterward gave a month's wages each to meet the obligation.

In another case, when the dishonesty or weakness of a trusted friend of the college had brought the corporation into a great loss (more than sixty thou-



## *GIFTS THAT NEVER CAME*

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sand dollars), a great relief was felt in a notice from an old lady that she was making a gift to the college of forty thousand dollars in her will, and she wished the college to know about the matter, "so as to be sure to claim it" at her death. She died a few months later, then eighty-three years old, but had by a codicil given her whole estate to the church of which she was a communicant. Again an old lady who inherited large tracts of Pennsylvania coal lands promised a gift of eighty thousand dollars when the lands should be sold. But a flaw was found in the title which was not corrected until after her death. Once more a wealthy old gentleman proposed to buy and give the Baptist Temple for a chapel for the university and the church was arranging for the conveyance at the price of two hundred thousand dollars, when he suddenly changed his mind and postponed the whole matter. He died without further legal action in that matter, although he generously gave the University twenty-five thousand dollars in his will.

These blasted hopes kept coming in at a time when the poor were contributing their mites from their poverty, and some gave up one meal a day to keep the college open. The University has no endowment yet, and is in debt on some of its buildings and needs greatly further donations. But it went over the top when Mr. Charles Kolb gave it two hundred thousand dollars. When we think of the

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millions which the large universities like Harvard and Pennsylvania secure so frequently, a gift of one hundred thousand dollars to Temple looks meager. But the University is now securely beyond the possibility of failure. The coming years as they see the present number of five thousand students arise to ten thousand or twenty thousand will reap the harvest where the seed was sown in weakness and tears. The whole people need the education such an institution gives, and when the people once appreciate its value it will have the support for which it now waits.

## VIII

### LARGER GROWTH OF THE TEMPLE IDEA

The Temple University idea is no new theory and has no claim as an idea to exclusive attention. But the growth and power of a potent idea is of far more consequence than the building of a palace or a corporation. The idea that all Americans can secure valuable school and college instruction is an exceedingly important thing. If that conviction finds larger growth, it may not matter so much how great is the endowment of any one of the institutions, or what are the names which present it to the people. The knowledge that the example of the Temple University has done so much more for humanity by suggesting to other cities and countries the advisability and possibility of opening like institutions, is the greatest satisfaction life can bring to the founders of that University. Many cities of America, Europe, and Asia now have Temple universities, although the work is often flourishing under some other name. Temple University graduates have been the prime movers in a great many of those institutions. But others have opened their doors in great manufacturing cities by reason of

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what the local philanthropists have heard of the success of Temple in Philadelphia.

One of the most pleasing of these enterprises, because it is so successfully conducted, is the Drexel Institute in West Philadelphia. The causes which led up to the building and endowment of that noble benefaction may be full of suggestion to other workers, and may thus be of special interest to some who would enjoy opening another school like it.

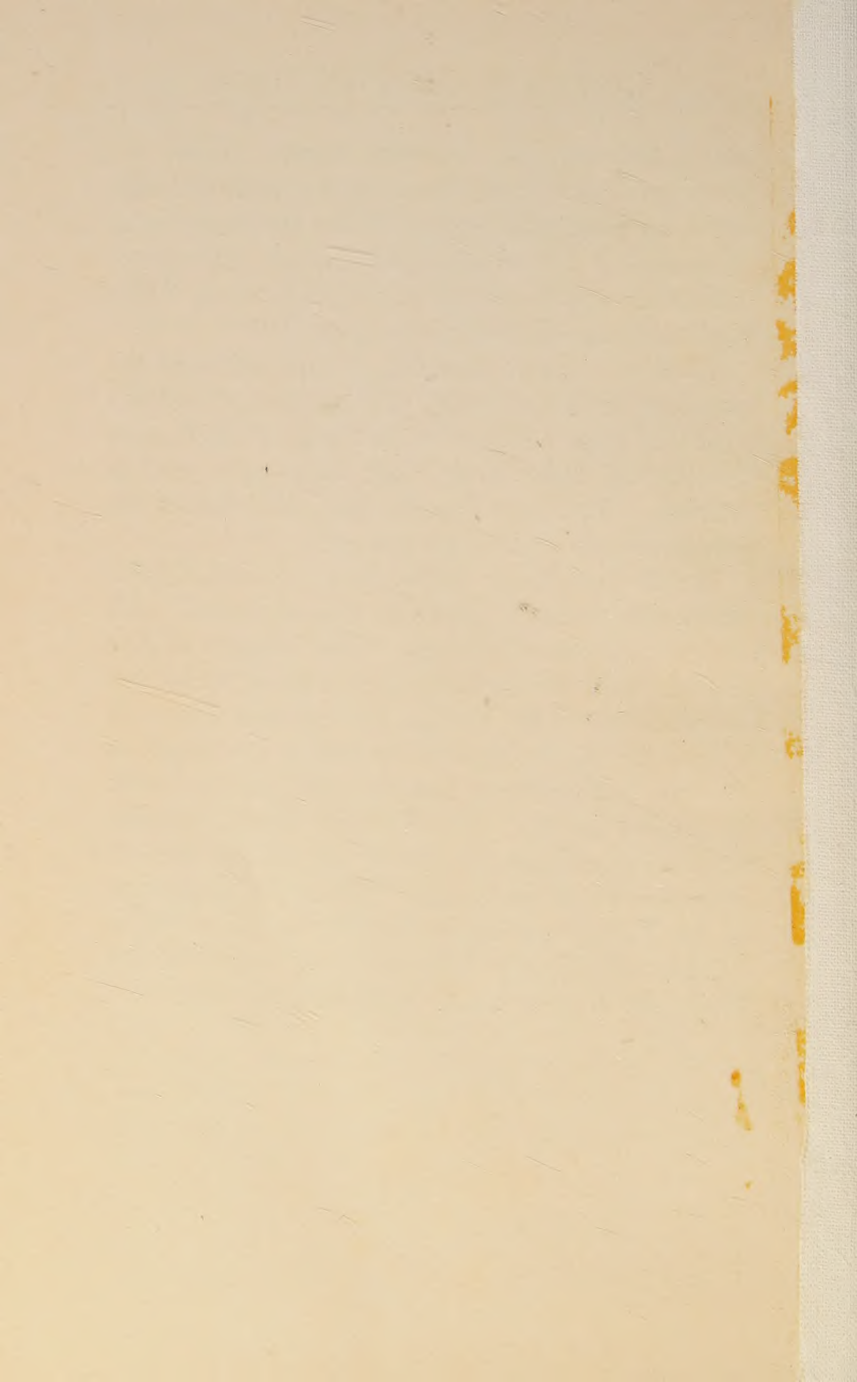
An enterprising young lady who was intensely interested in the Temple College before it was chartered as a university, visited George W. Childs, then the owner and editor of the *Public Ledger*. Mr. Childs was one of our most honorable specimens of American citizenship. England and America are linked by his name and generosity in most beautiful and sacred memorials. When the representative of Temple met Mr. Childs in his office, he became much interested in the work of the college. He requested her to bring him the catalogue and prospectus, and he sent a reporter to the college, who wrote a series of reports on the work done at Temple. A few days later Mr. Childs advised the lady solicitor to call on Colonel Drexel for a donation, which she immediately did. Colonel Drexel was also interested, and said he would confer with Mr. Childs and then let her know his decision within a few days. Colonel Drexel then sent for the president of Temple University and arranged for a meet-

## GROWTH OF THE IDEA

ing at Mrs. Childs' Wootton home. There the three spent an evening discussing the subject of education as given at Temple. When the president of Temple left Mr. Childs and Colonel Drexel together the last words of Mr. Childs were, "We can't do better than to help you out."

Nearly a month later Mr. Childs informed the president of Temple that Colonel Drexel had decided to open a school on the basis of the Cooper Institute of New York, with some more modern features. The next day the announcement of the enterprise was made in the papers.

It was a great day in the history of Philadelphia when that efficient institution was dedicated with such a generous endowment. The influence of that institute must arouse other great citizens to go and do likewise. The Temple management rejoice in every such success, and if the people are taught as they are at the Drexel Institute, they are glad to be relieved of the task. But the great cities of America need many colleges in order to provide for the best education of all the people. When the ideal plans of the Temple promoters are fully in action Philadelphia will have a fully equipped branch of the University in every ward. God speed the day.





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THE MASTER'S COLLEGE



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